

THE FORTNIGHTLY

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KING GEORGE THE FIFTH

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

AT the passing of King George the Fifth, mourning knew no boundaries in Europe, for no statesman and no state regarded him as an adversary. King Edward was admired by many Germans who none the less felt that his death removed a powerful enemy of their country : but it was known—what matters more, it was felt—everywhere that King George's whole effort was given to appeasement, and that no effort within his power would be spared. Europe had seen with amazement the British throne grow daily more secure, while almost every other dynasty was shaken, and many crashed into ruin.

But it is of King George as head of the British Commonwealth, and head of the British Empire that one has to write. All on whom that task falls have surely had the same feeling that nothing comes into the mind which must be kept back. There is no need for reticence. Exaggeration of praise would be an offence against one, the keynote of whose life was simplicity ; but it would be hard to find example of a king who performed more honourably and whole-heartedly the high duties to which birth had called him. We have come to recognize that a monarchy is necessary as the central rallying point of what we call the British Empire ; but we have learnt also how much attractive power the monarch's personality may add to that centre. The least exercise of historic thought will suggest also how much it may take away ; but happily for England, living memory holds no example of this effect. England has bred for itself, out of a not too promising stock, the type of royalty which England has needed. The first two Georges were as unlike George the Fifth as two unpleasant German princelings of that age would be to a lovable gentleman of

today, but their successor inherited what was best in them: their manliness. In him England had the complete expression of what is finer even than the kindred public school tradition—the tradition of the two great Services. His character was not so exceptional as that of Queen Victoria or King Edward, nor did he develop the special abilities that these sovereigns displayed; yet he had, in a slightly different sense, as much character as either. Character, first, in resistance to the warping influences which beset every man born to the purple—to any kind of purple—and which are above all hostile to such a simplicity as King George preserved. Character in stout-heartedness when fronting dangers and difficulties; and no English sovereign ever faced more. Character in accepting loyally the limitations of his power. King George, so far as ordinary students of politics can gather, never interfered; but he intervened, not once or twice only, and always, it would appear, with the same purpose, to protect his democratic subjects against democracy's besetting danger of exaggeration of the party spirit.

When King Edward died, the quarrel over the power of the House of Lords had risen to the violence of faction. We cannot know at present whether the suggestion of a Conference between leaders of the parties to seek for an agreement came from the new King; but the Conference was one of the first marking points in his reign. It failed. None the less, four years later, when the strife over Home Rule threatened civil war, another Conference was summoned, this time definitely on the King's initiative; it met at Buckingham Palace. Again it failed; the dangerous issue was left to the forces of faction till a world war for a time put an end to them. But after the war the old danger reappeared and in 1931 England, through the unchecked play of party, was faced with a crisis hardly less grave than imminent war. Again the King, on the advice of the Prime Minister, head of a Labour Administration, called upon the opposing party leaders to come together; and this time

there was positive result in the formation of a National Government. Not only one election, but a second after full interval, has shown that the King rightly judged the need and the desires of his people.

On that occasion deliberation was fortunately free of the Irish entanglement. But throughout the King's reign that old trouble has produced consequences which no one can look back on without bitter regret. Yet even in that part of His Majesty's dominions where no British government has been regarded without hostility, no one, I feel confident in saying, blamed King George for either cause or consequence. What Ireland remembers is that in June, 1921, when the Ulster Parliament was opened, the King in person delivered a speech that pointed the way to reconcilèments ; and within a month, truce was proclaimed in the rest of Ireland. From that day onward in every class of the Irish people there has been a disposition to regard the King as a friend ; to believe that his desire was to end contention between Great Britain and Ireland, and to bring about unity in Ireland itself.

This central figure who has stood to Ireland, and, I think, to all Europe, as something not only more permanent but more representative than his ministers, was all the more significant because he was so normally English. His qualities could be matched in scores of naval and military officers, serving or retired, who have the same unswerving honour allied to plain commonsense, the same unostentatious religion, indeed the same avoidance of ostentation in all forms, and the same decent dignity. But he had at his disposal, and mastered with persistent labour, such information as not even the Prime Minister could command. He thought much as the best class of officers think, he had broadly the same instinctive response to facts ; but his knowledge of the facts was incomparably superior to theirs. This combination made his special value to England, and to the world, in which the well-informed normal English mind is a powerful factor for well being.

THE DECEMBER CRISIS

BY FREDERICK HAMMOND

WHILE it will obviously take many years to provide the historical perspective for an adequate appraisal of the political crisis which stirred England last December, it is even now, in this moment of relative political calm, apparent that this crisis constituted one of the great crucial points in the rapidly unfolding history of modern times.

Perhaps the most striking, if not the most important result of the crisis was the almost providential vindication of democracy which came at a time of truly imminent need. The tide had been flowing to autocracy. Fascism and Nazism were in full flood in Europe. Democracy was apologetic and everywhere on the defensive. The vacillation of the British Cabinet, in the Mother of Parliaments, made the situation sensibly worse. Yet within a few short, electric days the entire situation was changed. The pristine vigour of the Anglo-Saxon folk-moot manifested itself again, after a thousand years, on an infinitely larger scale. Democracy ceased to be regarded as an aged and outworn political theory, but appeared again clad in the garb and apparently animated by the spirit of perennial youth.

The outstanding weakness of democracy, whether direct or representative, has not usually been considered to rest in the realm of thought and ideas. Though the voice of the people may not be the voice of God, yet at least the general acceptance—though often as a last resort—of universal suffrage rests, primarily, upon the belief that there are fundamental instincts and tendencies actuating the mass of the people, which lead more nearly to the truth than the pronouncements which emanate from the egoistic impulses of a dictator. One political truth at least is as certain as any political truth can be. The

great majority of mankind would rather trust their fate to the perhaps largely instinctive reactions of the people than to the arbitrary decisions of an autocrat ; certainly the latter, naturally uncriticized, are liable to lead to infinitely greater danger.

One may justly say, therefore, that it is not in the realm of thought, but in execution, that dictatorship has in these latter years been considered to excel. And if democracy, despite its closer approximation to truth, is inherently more feeble and hesitant than autocracy in decision and action, then democracy is bound to give way to dictatorship.

But the result of the December crisis shows that democracy can equal dictatorship in the larger measures of execution ; can even excel it in respect to the elasticity which permits, when necessary, a complete change in the prearranged plan of action. Military critics have said that the Battle of the Marne was won because, although the German army had the better plan of campaign, the French army was able to adapt itself more readily to changed conditions. Consider for a moment the obstacles in that crisis which democracy had to meet in December. A Government just elected with an overwhelming majority ; the accepted and popular leaders of that Government pledged to the letter of a specific undertaking ; a long tradition of the continuity of foreign policy. Yet in a few short days the people of England were stirred deeply, spoke, acted. The policy of a Government, specifically defined in written words, was reversed.

The moral standing of Britain, jeopardized by its Government, was restored by its people. Autocracy could not have made such a complete *volte face* and survived. Democracy not only reversed the position of its Government, but attained to greater dignity and power by doing so. In other words, in the great test of December, democracy excelled any possible autocracy in the very sphere in which it is frequently considered to be inferior : in the quick crystallization of principle, and in the decision definitely to abide by it.

If it be not over presumptuous to anticipate, thus soon, the verdict of history, it seems apparent that the second if not the equally important result of the December crisis was the decision, by the British democracy, to put the theory of collective thinking and collective search for security to an immediate test.

During the Great War the propagandists of the Allied cause formulated, for their hour of need and out of their necessity, certain moving slogans to keep their people steadfast and to inspire their soldiers in the trenches. Thus, "The War to end War", and "The War to make the world safe for Democracy". The League of Nations, forged from the fires of that war, was moulded to put these ideals in permanent form and practice. Even though, as time elapsed, the League was often used by the sophisticated statesmen of Europe only in so far as it seemed from time to time expedient, yet the ideals behind it remained implanted in the heart of the masses. The people of England, at least, never forgot the slogans that had inspired them. And the various societies for the promotion of ordeal by reason, instead of battle, gradually made of these watchwords the deep-seated political religion of the British people. Whether wisely or not, England has definitely determined to put the principle of collective agreement, if necessary of collective force, to the test.

Apparently a fateful issue in human history is joined. The Parliamentary principle of sweet compromise, useful though it may be in ordinary circumstances, at certain fateful points in human history evidently reaches its limits. It has apparently reached one now. It may be that the present issue cannot be decided otherwise than by the arbitrament of further war. The fight is on between the ancient ideal of the right of the strong, or the still more ancient right of tooth and claw, against the modern ideal that reason, and not force, must govern the nations in their relations one with another. Perhaps it is all premature. Perhaps another thousand or ten thousand years of the old reign of terror may be in store for humanity. Yet, on the other hand, it may be that now is the destined point in history for the great change to occur, just as, at a certain critical point, ice liquefies to water.

But whether the outcome be for good or for ill, one can at least give unstinted praise to British democracy which, with serene awareness of the danger it was courting, determined in December to hazard prosperity, life, the fate of the nation, in order to give a lead to the world for the collective thought and collective action that alone can punish the aggressor and bring, ultimately if not now, peace and collective security.

FIXED TRUSTS OR INVESTMENT TRUSTS ?

BY GEORGE GLASGOW

A STOCK Exchange sub-committee, having been appointed to consider generally the subject of Fixed Trusts, issued an interim report on December 12th, which was published in the press on January 3rd. The report itself deals with the public aspects of fixed trusts, but there are appended certain draft regulations which are technical in so far as they state the requirements which might be enacted by the Stock Exchange Committee. It is a matter of real importance for the public that the points raised in the report itself should be understood.

What is a fixed trust ? The germ of the idea came from across the Atlantic. As is the case in many of the great monetary adventures, the idea itself resulted from an exercise in simple logic. It happened in 1929 that the world began its historic plunge into the greatest financial disaster known to human history. As one result of that disaster the great body of investment trust companies failed in a greater or smaller degree in their particular purpose of providing the "small investor" with security of capital and reliability of income. Those investment trust companies, with their background of more than half a century of public service, had built up a prestige which they now found to be partially eclipsed. Their central technique had been the "management" of invested funds. The directors changed the investments they controlled as and when they thought profitable. They spread them over many countries, over different kinds of securities, over bonds, preferred stocks or shares and "equities". The spread, other things being equal, was of almost unbounded scope. The principle of distributing the risk had by past experience been proved to be a fairly reliable safeguard both of capital and of income. It had been a cumulative experience, for

instance, that disaster in one field was balanced by a corresponding gain in another, that indeed the two things constituted cause and effect. During the Great War, Europe's economic suicide implied a boom in the United States; the destruction of shipping on the high seas and the resultant misfortune to ship-owning concerns implied a boom in ship-building. That principle of finance had held against all experience up to 1929. Never before had the whole world gone wrong at the same time. But, whereas tradition had vindicated and partly evolved the machinery of investment trust company management, the cardinal fact remained that the degree of its success depended upon the quality of the management.

All human enterprise in the long run is dependent upon the management. Management now had "failed" in the new unprecedented circumstances. The logical mind that conceived the notion of a "fixed" trust argued thus: "If management has failed, why not eliminate management?" From that simple impulse of reasoning sprang a theory of investment which has been put into practice in four short years to such an extent that it now constitutes an agency for good or for bad on an enormous scale, and has at its disposal the interests of hundreds of thousands of small investors. Nearly £50,000,000 has been subscribed, mostly in small sums, for investment in fixed trusts. There are nearly fifty such trusts already in existence. The magnitude of the thing is such that if it prove to be good in its ultimate effect, it will have conferred a benefit upon mankind, and if it prove to be bad, its evil will extend far beyond the particular interests of the people directly involved in it. As at first applied, although the subsequent application has been in some degree modified, the principle was that a trust be formed in such a way that the constituent investments be "fixed". A narrow range of investments was chosen, consisting of ten, twenty, or thirty securities quoted on the London Stock Exchange, and in the main consisting of British industrial equity stocks or shares, with the proviso enshrined in the trust deed that those investments should never be changed during the life of the trust; that, in short, there should be no "management". The life of the trust was likewise fixed for a term of twenty years or thereabouts.

The pioneers of fixed trusts in Great Britain were the Municipal

and General Securities Company, Ltd., who formed the First British Fixed Trust in April, 1931. In their published propaganda they make this claim: "The fixed trust provides a means whereby even the smallest investor may effect diversification over a large range of high-class industrial securities, thus enjoying a privilege *hitherto open only to larger investors*". The italics are mine. Similar statements appear also in the literature of most of the other groups of fixed trusts. Now, it is the fact that since the late Mr. Robert Fleming, more than fifty years ago, founded the practice of investment trust company finance, that practice has on an ever-increasing scale provided precisely for the distribution and diversification of risk both for the smallest, as well as for other, investors. To-day the English and the Scottish investment trust companies control an aggregate capital of some £300,000,000, largely held by small investors. There are more than 200 English and Scottish investment trust companies.

Why do the fixed trusts in their propaganda ignore the very existence of investment trust companies? Because their simple object is to capture the others' thunder. They have thrown down a challenge. At this moment, when the fortunes of the investment trust companies are rapidly returning, the challenge, in the eyes of the disinterested spectator, is a matter of considerable interest. It happened that the fixed trust movement started at the very moment when, so far as Great Britain was concerned, the economic and financial tide had just turned. The fixed trusts have so far continuously operated on rising British markets and on a wave of rising British prosperity. As the said prosperity has so far been confined to Great Britain, although there are latter-day signs that it is beginning to spread, the fixed trusts have in the main been justified in confining their operations to the British market. But let it be understood that their operations are thus confined. The "diversification" claimed is severely limited. It is not "large". It is small. And they have yet to weather a storm.

The investment trust companies have behind them the experience of the Baring crisis of the 'nineties, the Great War of 1914-1918, the slump and depression of 1920 and 1921, the great depression that began in 1929 and several minor slumps

that have been sandwiched between those great emergencies of the past half century. The fixed trusts are a ship that has been tested so far only on smooth waters and in fair weather. The investment trusts have weathered storm after storm, and are now quickly recovering from the effects even of the last unparalleled storm. There is no doubt that the fixed trusts have so far successfully taken advantage of the temporary distress of the investment trust companies. There is a proved demand for their services. What is not proved, because there has as yet not been time enough to prove, is whether that demand is wise or not. The first few sentences of the interim report of the Stock Exchange Sub-Committee put the matter thus :

The material which has been collected by the Sub-Committee has made it clear that this method of investment does in fact provide a means of obtaining money from the public without affording in return the safeguards with which the Legislature has deemed it necessary to surround so many other forms of investment. The Fixed Trust movement is expanding with great rapidity, and, apart from a general loss of prosperity, it may be expected to continue to do so, and in this growth it is inevitable that, unless there is set up some standard to which all Fixed Trusts must conform, the influence of competition will produce Trusts which sacrifice stability and probity to the greater benefits which their creators can derive by the proffer to the public of promises which would not stand the test of well-informed examination. There is, however, a considerable volume of evidence to show that the Fixed Trust movement owes its growth, not by any means exclusively to the appetite of its promoters for the emoluments which they derive, but also to a genuine public demand for a means by which the comparatively small investor may enter a slightly speculative but clearly defined field of investment with the benefits of a spread risk. The Sub-Committee is thus led to the conclusion that the public interest does not demand the suppression of Fixed Trusts, but does demand the authoritative establishment of such standards as will safeguard the public from exploitation by this means.

What are the dangers to which the report thus refers ? In the first place the promoters of the fixed trusts are irresponsible to most of the sanctions that bind other public concerns entrusted with capital publicly subscribed. They are not a company in the legal sense. They do not hold annual meetings of the body of subscribers, answerable to such meetings for their conduct of the trust. Indeed by eliminating management they eliminate all responsibility for success or failure in the venture they themselves have launched. In the second place there are potential temptations to something short of what the Stock Exchange sub-

Committee calls "probity". Any body of men, taking advantage of the now prevalent public craving for fixed trusts, could with impunity launch a fixed trust, take their own benefits at once, and leave the trust to prosper or to founder at its leisure. Those benefits may be taken in a lump sum, in advance of the twenty-year period for which, in theory, they constitute the remuneration. The growth of fixed trusts has been rapid and large. So far the sponsors have been above suspicion or reproach, and in some cases have themselves voluntarily taken measures to remove some of the potential evils aforesaid. Indeed, the Fixed Trusts Standing Joint Advisory Committee has already announced its intention of meeting halfway the advice of the Stock Exchange sub-committee by forming an Association of Fixed Trust Managers. Membership of the Association will be confined to such Trusts as conform to the principles enumerated in the Stock Exchange sub-committee's draft regulations, pending any legislation that may be enacted. It will thus constitute a "white list," with the obverse implication of a tacitly operative "black list". But men are mortal, trust deeds can be altered or new ones substituted, and the future being unknown, it is possible that one day unscrupulous men may enter the tempting field. Where financial profit is the argument, and there are no safeguards to shut out the unscrupulous men, it is unfortunately not inconsistent with human experience that such men may take a chance.

The buyers of sub-units pay (1) the average market price of the day of the securities constituting the trust, such average being calculated from the prices ruling at midday the day before ; (2) the *pro rata* brokerage and expenses of registration and stamps ; (3) a "loading" or service fee to the promoters, which may indeed not amount to more than one half of one per cent. per annum on the capital subscribed, if the remuneration be calculated over twenty years, but which in fact is paid by the investor *in toto* at the beginning of the period of the trust. The promoters therefore, as their immediate remuneration, not for seeing the trust through to a successful end, but merely for forming the trust, receive, say, 10 per cent. of the capital subscribed. They also, in the main, receive one-third brokerage from the stockbrokers who carry out the investing of the constituent funds. They also, for the most part, receive the

equivalent of a "jobber's turn", because the sub-units, not being officially dealt in on the Stock Exchange, are in many cases bought and sold by the promoters themselves, who themselves "make" the prices of buying and selling. Out of those profits the promoters have to meet their expenses, which are heavy. The heaviest probably is for advertisement. They advertise for the subscription of capital. They distribute brochures attractively printed, plain or in colour, on good paper, making promises to the investor which, if fulfilled, would satisfy the fullest dreams of the happiest investor: promises of steady income, capital security, and, more, of appreciation. The promises are made without any apparent twinge of doubt. They are phrased to attract capital investment, to achieve, in short, the promoters' end.

Now, if there is one single fact established beyond all doubt by all experience in the field of investment, it is that there is no such thing as security, and no such thing as certainty. The most likely thing about any investment is that it is a bad investment. Caution, a sense of danger, an ever alert suspicion, are the basic qualities alike of those who pilot a ship and of those who manage investments. All investments at all times have to be watched. Are the gilt-edged borrowings of the British Government safe to the investor? Their security in income rests upon the proved willingness of the British taxpayer to pay whatever taxes are demanded by that government for whatever extravagances it may choose to indulge in. Their security in capital rests upon the probability that the Stock Exchange demand will "over a period" be equal to the supply. But as lately as 1932, the British Government at its will converted its own 5 per cent. stock into $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stock and the holders found their income reduced by exactly 30 per cent. As lately as the Great War, when the British Government had to borrow at the rate of 5 per cent., the pre-war holders of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Consolidated Stock automatically found that they had lost half their capital. Within one generation we have witnessed the spectacle of what has happened to those who seek security by investing in what is generally regarded as the "safest" field of investment, namely, British Government securities. Within 20 years such investors have had the comprehensive experience

at one time of losing half their capital, at another time of losing a third of their income. The only means whereby the pre-1914 holders of Consols could have safeguarded their capital when the War came, would have been by foreseeing that a national expenditure of several millions a day for four and a half years would have the effect of doubling interest rates and halving capital values, and by deciding, therefore, to sell their Consols at the beginning, in order to buy War Stock at the end, of the War. In other words the only means was the use of brains and work, that is "management".

To any experienced man of affairs the notion of "fixing" his investments for a period of twenty years ahead is derisory. Yet such is precisely the prospect on which the fixed trusts have attracted £50,000,000 from the pockets of small and in many cases no doubt ignorant investors. Let it be understood at once that the promoters of fixed trusts have themselves foreseen and already countered some of the dangers inherent in their own handiwork. In four short years trust deeds have undergone a steady, though by no means complete, transformation. No longer are fixed trusts rigidly fixed. Increasing competence is being given to promoters—"managers" as they are often called with almost Pickwickian irony—to liquidate an investment from which they may have subsequent reason to foresee something different from what they originally expected. Indeed, the fixed trusts as originally conceived in 1931 have already abandoned some measure of their fixity. They are cultivating the alternative epithet "flexible". They perhaps even hope at some future time to become totally unfixed, to become, in short, what investment trust companies have been for half a century, namely, investment concerns "managed" at and by the discretion of those who control them. In such an event we should witness the supreme paradox of a stealer of thunder being driven to restore the thunder. But they cannot restore it. Trust deeds may be altered, but unless their very hypothesis be destroyed, they will still in the main be limited to choosing one alternative against another in a narrow field of British industrials. There was a time, not ten years ago, when British industrials were regarded as an unsound field for investment and were given a wide berth by the shrewd investor.

One of the attendant technical difficulties that may at some time arise in an acute form results from the fact that the serried masses of fixed trusts are all rushing down one narrow channel and buying increasing quantities of the same few securities. At any moment the floating stock of the chief British industrials available in the market is a small percentage of the total capital of those companies. The fixed trusts, having bought up considerable quantities of such stock, to hold over a long period, are automatically responsible for the rising prices they claim as one of the benefits they confer, in the form of capital appreciation, upon their investors. What of the time when they will all want to sell? Unless the trust deeds be altered in the meantime they will all want to sell at the end of their term. In the alternative, if they are competent to sell, and if they decide to sell, on a diagnosis of impending trouble, they will all want to sell at about the same time for the same reason. Will they not, in either case, bring down the market against themselves? And in such an event what of the capital safety they have promised? Even if the Stock Exchange Sub-Committee's recommendation—"it is inadvisable that the amount of any one security to be included when the trust is fully constituted should exceed $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the total amount of that security dealt in"—be generally put into practice, the fact will remain that many trusts are buying parcels of the same security, and the reason which will make them all want to sell will already have undermined the market, and the mass selling of the fixed trusts, therefore, will probably assume the dimensions of a disaster. An investment trust by contrast is a permanent institution that need never be wound up and can buy, instead of selling, in a slump, or on a long view.

Moreover, let certain present random facts be considered. A calculation has been made, I believe accurately, to the following effect. The total aggregate amount of Allied Ironfounders £1 Ordinary shares held so far by the fixed trusts is 401,950. The total number of those shares outstanding is 1,620,075. The fixed trusts therefore between them hold 24.8 per cent. of the whole. Of the total 2,400,000 Amalgamated Press 10s. ordinary shares, the fixed trusts hold 761,600, or 31.7 per cent. Of the total 5,600,000 Imperial Continental Gas Ordinary £1 shares,

the fixed trusts hold 681,500 or 12.2 per cent. Such percentages seem to suggest the inadequacy even of the sub-committee's maximum of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for a single trust. In effect the enormous blocks of the capital of those three particular companies have been temporarily removed from the market, and the present market price is therefore automatically and in one sense artificially lifted to a higher level than it would otherwise stand at. The present price paid for sub-units is based upon market values artificially and automatically raised by the mass buying of the fixed trusts themselves, in other words, by the very existence of the fixed trusts. When the return of capital to the holders of fixed trust capital becomes necessary, the resultant mass selling is likely to have the diametrically opposite effect on the market. This canalization of mass buying and selling in a few British industrials is a seriously disturbing element introduced to the market by the swelling volume of fixed trust capital.

There is no doubt about the present public demand for fixed trusts, but it has been largely fostered by intensive publicity. The convention which precludes members of the Stock Exchange and investment trust companies from advertising themselves has the same advantages in financial practice as the convention which precludes doctors from advertising themselves has in medical practice. Moreover, even granted, as is the case, that many existing fixed trusts have voluntarily arranged to distribute the promoters' benefits over the period of the trust, what is to prevent a group from going bankrupt before the period expires?

What can the Stock Exchange do about it? Not much. The sub-committee, having reached the conclusion that "the public interest does not demand the suppression of fixed trusts, but does demand the authoritative establishment of such standards as will safeguard the public from exploitation by this means", went on to examine the available means of safeguarding the public from "the evils expected to result from the uncontrolled continuance of the fixed trust movement". It accordingly drew up draft regulations to that end, subject to this proviso:

It cannot, however, be overlooked that such Regulations, if established by the Stock Exchange alone, would extend no further than the exclusion from the Market of the Stock Exchange of those Trusts which do not comply, and from the services of members of the Stock Exchange as brokers in connection with dealings in units and sub-units. The Regulations afford

no means of controlling the activities of any trust which is content to find its own market elsewhere, and there is, in fact, considerable ground for saying that the majority of fixed trust managers would welcome conditions which constituted them the sole market for their own sub-units.

The report then declares :

Turning for one moment from the standpoint of public interest to that of the Stock Exchange itself, it is apparent that by promulgating such regulations the Stock Exchange would be assuming the heavy responsibility of deciding whether they were in fact adequate to protect the public, and whether in each case they had or had not been duly complied with. The Sub-Committee would not hesitate to recommend the assumption of this responsibility if they were satisfied that it would result in the public getting the protection which it should have, but, for the reasons set out above, it has felt that the protection to the public would be limited and indeed altogether absent in those cases in which it is most needed. The ultimate conclusion of the Sub-Committee is, therefore, that the full measure of protection to which the public is entitled can only be achieved by legislation which can be universally enforced, and that such legislation lies outside the scope of the authority of the Stock Exchange itself. In this report the Sub-Committee has confined itself to the foregoing public aspects of the matter. There are other aspects of the matter which it is proposed to make the subject of a future report.

What immediately emerges is that the units and sub-units of fixed trusts are not to be given an official quotation on the Stock Exchange. The Stock Exchange has, moreover, given a clear warning of the dangers inherent in fixed trusts in their public aspects. It promises a further report on their other aspects. It has suggested legislation as a safeguard, but common sense and common experience warn us that though such legislation might do an immense amount of good, it might still leave to the unscrupulous a smaller but well-defined scope in which to work.

THROUGH FRENCH EYES

BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS

I: SIR SAMUEL GOES SKATING

SOME years ago, on the skating rink of St. Moritz, I used daily to watch the grave evolutions of an old Englishman, who, with infinite care and precision, was intent on improving his "figures". A white-haired woman, seated near a brazier at the edge of the rink, followed his movements, criticizing and encouraging. A week later, when I had made the couple's acquaintance, I learnt, not without surprise, that the old skater was an Anglican bishop, and that he had reached his seventy-seventh year.

"Aren't you afraid," I said to his wife, "that the exercise may prove very dangerous for him? At his age the bones become fragile. A fall . . ."

"Yes, I know," she said with a sigh, "but what can one do? He is so anxious to qualify for the first test before he dies."

This effort to assure, before the day of eternal salvation, the sporting salvation of a high ecclesiastical dignitary, shed a sudden and vivid light upon certain differences between our two peoples, and the events of recent days have recalled the skater of St. Moritz.

Sir Samuel Hoare abandoned office in a manner at once consonant with his own dignity and most honourable to himself. He sacrificed a growing popularity and an assured future to the desire to preserve peace and to save the Anglo-French Entente. His explanation of the course he took was so simple and so sincere that he received the applause even of those who demanded his resignation. But there was one detail in the history of this crisis which was a cause of great surprise to French people.

On the day after the Paris conversations, so tragic in their possible consequences, and on the eve of a debate in the Commons

in which his whole ministerial career would be at stake, Sir Samuel left for Switzerland to indulge in his favourite sport. "What!" the French public exclaims, "to go skating at such a moment!" And the time is recalled when Aristide Briand was similarly obliged to resign office because, in circumstances less grave, he had played a round of golf with Lloyd George.

The case of the old bishop helps one to understand why there is really no comparison between these two episodes, which at first sight seem to be on all fours. Sir Samuel's skating did him no harm. On the contrary, when he returns to power (which he will surely do) this incident will no doubt stand to his credit. In France a minister who plays golf inspires grave distrust; in England the minister who should despise all sport would surprise and disquiet the electors. Lady Oxford tells us in her memoirs that her husband made up for his disdain of all physical exercise by knowing by heart the names of all the horses which had won the big races for a century past. One of the most popular men of the last century was Lord Hartington, who nourished two ambitions, to become Prime Minister and to win the Derby, and who placed the second honour above the first. The most stable Minister of the preceding century, Sir Robert Walpole, opened the letters he received from his gamekeeper before he read his State papers. Lord Rosebery won the Derby three times, twice whilst he was Prime Minister. Lord Balfour was a great tennis player, and in the history of his country he is remembered, not so much as the negotiator of the Treaty of Versailles, but as the man who made the Scottish game of golf the fashion in England.

The type of man who pleases the masses and wins their confidence is not the same in the two countries. In France he must be very serious. "If I had a son", Briand once said, "and if he wanted to go in for a political career in France, this is the advice that I should give him: 'Conceal your own fancies, my boy; hide your high spirits, suppress your gaiety. Be sombre, sad and tedious. If you want to amuse yourself, at least don't do it in public'. What they respect in France is the man who carries his head like the Host. Only those who understand that have lasted out to the end of their lives. Look at Henri Brisson, whom we all knew as a man lugubrious and austere; well, it seems that among friends he was a bit frolicsome. But he knew

the game ; yes, and when he died he was President of the Chamber and all-powerful ; whereas I, who am bored by these comedies . . . Oh yes, my friends . . . Even you when you leave here shortly will nod your heads and say, ' He is amusing is Briand, but unfortunately he is not serious '."

What England likes in her ministers, on the other hand, is a certain nonchalance, great culture, a taste for leisure, sometimes oddity almost amounting to eccentricity. She venerated Lord Salisbury, who did not know the members of his own Cabinet. She adopted Disraeli not in spite of, but because of, his mannerisms. She respected in Gladstone the passionate conviction of his politics and his religion, but also his strange taste for the job of a woodcutter. Who knows ? Perhaps the skates of Sir Samuel will be as famous some day as were once the crutches of Chatham or the orchids of Chamberlain.

II : LE MÉNAGE

I KNOW a family which, for my part, I have long esteemed, but which I usually find to be misunderstood, even among its friends. The husband is a business man, honest, rather hard, very attentive to his own interests, capable of generosity, but dissembling it under an apparent coldness ; in short, rather an unsociable person, though as a matter of fact he cares little for society. If he has a few moments of leisure he devotes them to smoking his pipe in silence, reading his fat newspaper, which runs to thirty-two pages every day, or cultivating his garden. His competitors fear him ; the timid shun him ; but, apart from his associates or his employees, who have an affection for him, or confidence in him, no one in the world really knows him.

His wife is gentle, religious, entirely occupied with good works, sincerely disinterested, keen to convert her friends, but severe for their morals. She spends hardly anything on her dress but much on her church, and, under a pseudonym, she writes novels which her husband acknowledges with a friendly grunt, but does not read. With regard to the children, who are numerous, they have neither the prudence of the father nor the godliness of the

mother. They seem lively and frivolous young things, passing their time in knocking about little balls with implements of various shapes.

When you ring up their house on the telephone it is always the wife who replies. What you hear is invariably moral talk and virtuous exhortations, to which you can only respond respectfully, for the good faith of the speaker is evident. But whoever has business with the husband finds he is like all big men of business, that is to say, exact, distrustful, and a shrewd defender of his rights. This contrast gives rise to a misunderstanding. The spiteful say : " This couple are trying to take us in. You don't think so ? Compare the actions of the husband with the words of the wife. She is a convenient screen for him. She compels the outside world to adopt an attitude of deference to the family ; but whenever the principles of the wife become an embarrassment to the husband in his affairs, then he forgets or ignores them. Mighty convenient ! "

This is a superficial view. I have lived with the family a good deal, in times of grave trouble, and I know that the affection existing between these two beings is deep and sincere. Although they never discuss together the most serious matters, they know that in essentials they are agreed. The husband attaches the greatest weight to the opinions of his wife ; he would undertake nothing without consulting her ; before acting he must needs convince her that what he proposes to do is right. If he fails in this, he gives up the idea, even though his interests should suffer. At certain times of his life he has been launched in long and dangerous struggles, without direct profit to himself, simply because she has asked him. It is quite possible that in some cases he has got round her by his cleverness, but in many other cases it is the wife who has firmly kept the husband on the path of charity and duty. At bottom and in spite of human failings, the partnership is stable, the *ménage* solid, and the friendship of this couple a thing to be envied.

Need I add that this *ménage* is England ? The wife is public opinion ; the husband the Admiralty, the Foreign Office. With regard to the children, they are to be found on every golf course, and even occasionally in the Cabinet. Public opinion is entirely sincere when it speaks of its respect for treaties ; the Admiralty,

as in duty bound, thinks of the mastery of the seas and of naval bases. The unfortunate thing for the relations of England with the Continent is that the voice of public opinion always drowns in London that of the technicians. The masters of old Europe would have understood better the language of self-interest than that of moral passion. But the husband, who thinks more of the unity of his own household than of the approbation of strangers, would be afraid if he spoke too plainly of shocking his wife and wounding her feelings. It is for us to interpret the words of the one and the silences of the other. As was wisely said by M. Suvich to René Benjamin, "You must not ask Italians to be Englishmen". You must not ask the English to be other than English.

"NO SECRETS"

A Tale of the Japanese Islands

BY WILLARD PRICE

SINCE I live in Japan, it may be well to preface these remarks with the hope that my Japanese friends will take no umbrage at what is here set down. It is not written with a long face or malevolent intent. And if I am entertained by certain peculiarities of these estimable folk, they are just as free to be entertained by those of the Western barbarian . . . and quite often, I notice, exercise their freedom.

The first characteristic of the Japanese is courtesy. The second is, perhaps, suspicion.

Not a week passes without its spy-scare in the Japanese press. Some foreigner has been seen taking photographs. And those who have visited only Japan Proper have but tasted the cup. They should go where the officials are really nervous, along the Manchu-Siberian border, or, best of all, to the South Sea islands, which Japan holds under mandate from the League of Nations. The focus of infection so far as spy-phobia is concerned seems to be the strategic island of Palau, closest Japanese territory to Singapore, the Philippines, and Australia.

I had not thought of becoming a spy until the Palau police put it into my head. They have a training course for foreigners who wish to qualify as spies. The chief instructor is a smiling young police officer, by name, Toyama-san. In black-and-white *yukata* he strolled in one evening to call upon us at the home of the German missionary, where my wife and I had sought refuge on this hotel-less heathen isle. He laid a map on missionary Siemer's table.

First lesson: "You cannot go there", said Toyama-san, indicating a spot with his pencil. And to quiet a natural suspicion, he added, "But there are no fortifications—nothing".

Another point. "Cannot go . . . but there is nothing." Four other spots. "Cannot go", jabbing the points vigorously with the pencil. Then, each time, a disarming wave of the hand. "But there is nothing—nothing—nothing".

Anything better calculated to fire the student's curiosity and zeal for learning could hardly be imagined.

It had not occurred to me to make a search for fortifications. Of course, they are forbidden under the terms of the mandate. "No military or naval bases shall be established, or fortifications erected in the territory." It had seemed unlikely that this regulation was being violated, since we had been allowed to go everywhere in the Yap group without the slightest surveillance and had seen nothing that remotely resembled a fortification. But Toyama-san's challenge was too tantalizing to resist. I took down the names of the six forbidden spots and determined to visit all of them.

The next morning I called upon Mr. Kodama, Vice-Governor General of the entire South Seas Government. (The Governor General was in Tokyo.)

After I had recounted the restrictions of the police, Mr. Kodama said, "I don't know why they should do that. We have no secrets here. You may go anywhere. But have you seen Captain Konishi? You had better see Captain Konishi".

Captain Konishi is naval attaché. He delivers sailing instructions to the merchant ships and prepares the way for the Japanese warships which occasionally visit Palau. The extent of his power is not quite clear. Some say that he is on a par with the civil authorities, if not superior to them, just as the army and navy in Japan accept no dictation from Parliament or Premier but are answerable to the Throne alone.

However that may be, he is the soul of modesty.

"I am only a naval officer", he said when I asked for permission to move freely through the Palau group. "That is a matter for the Governor to decide."

Mr. Toyama was eager to know the result of the interview.

"What did Captain Konishi say? May you go?"

"He said he would accept the Governor's decision. And the Governor says I may go anywhere. Therefore I may go anywhere."

But I had been a little too logical in my deductions. It was not so simple as that.

I could go, but not without entourage. I was provided with congenial companions, Foreign Affairs Secretary Hayashi of the South Seas Government, a police officer, and three sailors ; and a government launch with spacious cabin and pleasant deck-space fore and aft was placed at my disposal. We made extensive trips, sometimes covering two days. This attention was flattering and was genuinely appreciated, but I could have done with a bit less comfort and more freedom.

I had hoped to go about in the missionary's new motor boat, on which only three days' work remained. But suddenly the carpenters quit work. And it was learned that they had been instructed not to finish the boat until the Americans left. "The day the Americans go you can have your boat", the missionary was told.

After a month's tinkering over three days' work, the boat was slipped into the water the day after we sailed from Palau.

But our trips in the government launch were enjoyable and comfortable. Each time I introduced one of the six sore spots into a projected itinerary there was much discussion and two or three days' delay to obtain permission. Then we went. And found—nothing. Some of the points were of great strategic importance, but there was no man-made fortification. None of my requests for detailed examination were refused. We poked about in channels and bays and climbed to hilltops. Except that I made no measurements, sketches, or photographs, I had as much freedom as if I had gone unaccompanied.

One by one the six secrets were checked off until only one remained—the island of Arakabesan.

This was an island of many hills, any one of them a convenient location for a battery. I could hardly undertake to climb them all. But there were two 'planes in the harbour. I assumed that they were navy 'planes, and we made a social call upon Captain Konishi at his house.

This time he received us in shirt and suspenders (a sign of increasing confidence, I thought, for the first time he had barricaded himself behind gold braid).

With Western directness I immediately stated my mission.

There were rumours abroad that Japan had fortified her South Sea islands. I wished to be able to write positively, "There are no fortifications on Palau". To say that, I must see. I was too lazy to climb every hill on Arakabesan. Could a 'plane be placed at my disposal for half an hour so that I might fly low over this area?

Captain Konishi gave no sign that he considered the request extraordinary. He bowed slightly, made a little sound of agreement deep in his throat and asked whether the bean candy was to our taste.

It was. Munching yokan, we discussed the versatility of the bean, which is used to make everything from cake to buttons, from milk, cheese, butter, soup, salad oil, and ice-cream to varnish, enamels, oilcloth, linoleum, glue, soap, and electrical switches.

When the bean's possibilities had been exhausted I re-ventured my request. The Captain bowed, considered, and inquired whether we liked sashimi (raw fish). That started Mary, who is a sashimi gourmand . . . yes, the red more than the white. Sashimi made from bonito was splendid. Ah but, put in the Captain vivaciously, had she tried bass sashimi? When he had been stationed in San Francisco he had had sashimi made from bass . . . delicious. There is good bass fishing on the Pacific coast.

Yes, I said, and speaking of fishing, it was interesting how aeroplanes were used to locate schools of fish. And speaking of aeroplanes, would it be possible to arrange for an aeroplane over Arakabesan?

He nodded gravely. Now take dried fish. We really should see the making of katsubushi on the shores of Malakal. And turtles. He showed us a fine specimen in the tokonoma.

There were many other distracting things about the room. Wooden tattooed dolls made by the Mortlock people, carved faces from Mortlock, an ivory nut from Ponape, a necklace of white and black discs made from sea shell and coconut shell respectively, the great Tritonium shell, which the natives use as a trumpet.

Finally, there was nothing left in the room to discuss except the visitors. He successfully got them talking about themselves.

Still I did not forget to inject my question, each time a little more weakly. It always reminded him of something really interesting.

When two hours had gone by in this delightful fashion and it was positively necessary to leave to make the dinner hour at at Frau Siemer's, I rose and placed both hands upon the table as if about to deliver an address. Mustering all the powers I had of direct and succinct statement, I put my request.

Captain Konishi expressed mild surprise, as if he had only now understood me. The aeroplanes . . . unfortunately they were not naval 'planes, but government mail 'planes. He had no power. It would be necessary to apply to the Governor. But why go so soon—please come again. Take along these little souvenirs.

We came away in a very happy frame of mind. We had enjoyed our visit immensely (the Captain, the Calpis, the hibiscus reflected in the pool in his garden) and agreed that Captain Konishi was a splendid fellow and would some day be an Admiral.

Over the *Obstkuchen* I told Herr Siemer of our visit.

"He did not like to disappoint you", said the missionary.
"He is a very kindly man."

I believe it.

Although my *naïveté* was now so blunted that I no longer expected to get a 'plane, we went that evening to call upon Vice-Governor Kodama in his beautiful home on the shore of the lagoon. He received us jovially. He has cheeks like apples and is the most genial host imaginable. Unfamiliar with English, he sent a car to the other end of town for Mrs. Shisatomi who learned English in Hawaii. She came with her baby, too young to be left at home. Two other officials were called in. We sat about a conference table, the baby dozing quietly during most of the interview. Occasionally the mother must rise and jiggle the fretful child, translating meanwhile . . . or attend to him on a chair under the horizon of the table top, never quitting her interpreting.

Now, the Orient has two ways of countering unwelcome questions. One is to talk of something else. The other is to answer the questions directly, but expect the visitor to be sufficiently polite not to apply the foot-rule of reason to the answers.

In either case the underlying motive is courtesy, the desire to decline without hurting the feelings of the visitor.

Mr. Kodama answered my questions in a very forthright manner. Aeroplane? Very dangerous. The pilots were men of little experience. The 'planes had been here only four months and the men were not yet accustomed to the peculiar air currents above Palau. So they refused to take up passengers. He himself, Mr. Kodama, had wished to go, but could not. Too dangerous. With his hands he demonstrated how violently the 'planes wobble—and laughingly used the word “jishin”, earthquake.

I agreed that the air currents must be dangerous indeed if they could not be learned in four months. But I offered to sign a paper assuming all responsibility in case of accident.

No, even so, the responsibility, he said, would be theirs. If I did not care for myself, they did. Also it would be necessary to board the plane from a boat and disembark into a boat . . . very difficult.

I thought I could manage. He feared not. Very well, I said, doubtless he was right. Then might I pass around Arakabesan by boat and land where I pleased?

He was very sorry. As I doubtless knew, at the southern tip of the island an airport was being built for the forthcoming air mail service to Tokyo. Much blasting. Very dangerous. During the operations no visitors, not even Japanese, were allowed.

But if I went under proper supervision? And landed at a safe distance from the blasting?

It was a very small island.

A mile long, was it not?

Yes . . . but all roads led to the same place.

I saw that it was time to agree that it must be very dangerous, and did so, shivering a little.

Moreover, went on Mr. Kodama, there was a leper island near by. That was another danger that made it inadvisable to visit Arakabesan.

What! I said, the small island I had noticed a half mile north of Arakabesan? Was it a leper island?

Yes.

Then that settled it. I wouldn't take the risk. Lepers! I thanked him for warning me in time.

I turned the conversation to the magnificent bird of paradise from New Guinea which stood in the corner. Mr. Kodama showed us other treasures. Our liking for the man increased. His magnetic, cordial manner, his zest and zeal (and, above all, his tact) made apparent why he is universally popular among officials and civilians in the islands.

As we were about to go, he said earnestly:

"Have you had any unpleasantness in Palau?"

"On the contrary, our visit has been very pleasant."

"I hope that any unhappy incidents will not unduly disturb you."

He was so genuine about it. I replied that we had lived in Japan a year, and that when anything unpleasant occurred we thought of all the pleasant things that had happened.

"Arigato!" He bowed and smiled.

We walked home through the deserted main street under the tropic moon. Mary mused. "What a blow to our leper friends in Korea who entertained us in their homes if they knew that now we can't stand a leper half a mile away!"

"Yes", I said, "but circumstances alter cases. Here everything is very dangerous".

And the white man who does not remember that fact is apt to be reminded of it. After all, he is a potential enemy. The world has chosen to look with suspicion upon Japan, so Japan, perhaps, can hardly be blamed for looking with suspicion upon the world. Troublesome Powers may raise at any time the question as to whether a nation which has resigned from the League of Nations is still entitled to hold a mandate from the League. This question has been left open—and doubtless the European nations will studiously avoid deciding it until they are prepared to enforce their decision. Germany lost these islands and would perhaps like to have them back. Great Britain and America are critical of Japan's expansion in Asia. So Germans, Englishmen, and Americans receive special attention in the South Seas. "Every facility" is extended by the authorities.

The white visitor is rare and he generally stops over only for

the hours his ship is in port. An official entertainment committee offers to show him the sights of Palau. He is whirled off to a geisha house, there is much drinking and dancing, and the gentle charms of the island Circes detain him until someone looks at his watch:

“Oh! Time to get back to the boat!”

The extraordinary visitor who actually wishes to stop over from one boat to the next is permitted to do so, but he is the object of unremitting curiosity as to why he should maroon himself here when he does not have to. Something funny about it. Better keep him provided with every facility.

Two German professors on vacation chose to paddle about in a rubber boat. A government pinnace containing police and sandwiches followed them everywhere lest they should get lost or go hungry. One day they paddled off through a mangrove canal too shallow for the pinnace. They came back at night to find a row of anxious officials seated on their doorstep, and their lack of consideration in causing so much uneasiness to their guardians was brought home to them in no uncertain terms.

An American artist's motor failed, and his small boat drifted from Hawaii to Palau. That was indiscreet of it, for he had no landing permit and nothing to show that he had not drifted there by intention. His arrival was the sensation of the island. The motor was repaired, but he had no money to pay for the repairs. His request that he be allowed to remain until he could get the money was politely refused. He was given a farewell dinner with speeches. Every facility for his departure was accorded to him, and the finest government launch towed him in his motorless boat well outside the reef. He then proceeded to drift, with better judgment this time, to American soil, landing some weeks later in the Philippines. At latest reports he was feverishly painting pictures along the Mindanao coast to earn enough money to retrieve his motor.

The complaint of a German that he had been shadowed reached the Mandates Commission at its meeting in October, 1935. Mr. Ito, the Japanese representative, explained that the traveller in question was tubercular, therefore the Japanese wanted “to take good care of him”. It was quite probable,

Mr. Ito suggested, that this "care" had caused the German "to mistake Japanese hospitality for surveillance".*

As for the famous case of Colonel Earl Ellis, of the United States Marines, who died mysteriously while investigating conditions on Palau, the natives claim there is no truth in the rumours that he was "liquidated". Ex-champion Gene Tunney, visiting in Japan, asked about this after my return to Tokyo.

"Nobody knows", I said. "But William Gibbon, an English half-caste, says Ellis drank himself to death".

"Pretty hard, don't you think?" said Tunney. "Look at the efforts I've been making all these years!"

Tunney's efforts have not been too serious, but Ellis seems to have broken under the tropic strain, and several natives aver that he took heavily to the bottle when his boat did not come on time to carry him away. Excess led to fever, it is said, and fever to death. Whatever the truth or falsity of highly-coloured rumours, it is at least certain that an American Marine investigating a Japanese island is apt to find himself an unwelcome guest.

A British army officer wearing many medals stopped for a day on his way to New Guinea. He came to the missionary's house . . . and five officials with him. When he stepped into another room, or to the outhouse, he was accompanied. Three officials sat in a row by the edge of the tub as he took a bath. Doubtless they feared he might escape down the drain.

Not a visitor, so far as I know, has ever discovered anything remotely resembling a fortification in the mandated islands. The missionaries know of none. The natives know of none. The safe assumption seems to be that there are none. Then why the surveillance? Probably to prevent foreigners from photographing, sketching, and otherwise becoming too familiar with the defensive features of mountains, harbours, and reefs. But all these things were fully recorded by the meticulous Germans, and the German maps are doubtless on file in every navy office in the world. Moreover, a real spy, trained in the art, could get any such information first hand or through the

* This case was again before the Mandates Commission on January 6 last. The Japanese Government then declared that no fortifications or naval bases had been established. The *Rapporteur* said that the contradictory assertions had made a rather disturbing impression on the Commission.—Ed. F.R.

natives. We must go a bit deeper still to find the secret spring of Japan's national nervousness. Its real basis, I think, is psychological. It is the keyed-up tension of expectancy. It strains toward the future. Japan has plans. She must fulfil her destiny. She must "stabilize" the Orient, and that soon, before the end of the West's present period of introspection. The area envisaged under the banner of "Asia for the Asiatics" is bounded on the north by Siberia and on the south by the fourteen hundred highly strategic Micronesian islands where man-made forts would be of little use, but where the natural labyrinth provides almost impenetrable obstruction. The "northern first line of defence" and the "southern first line of defence" are the terms frequently applied by army and navy officials to the Russian frontier and the South Sea chain. And Japan Proper must take the first shock of any attack from the east. Therefore, if there is extraordinary sensitiveness over defences, it is perhaps because of the profound significance of these three barriers in the protection of the gigantic, long-term projects Japan is already initiating on the Asiatic continent.

THE MISCHIEF OF REVISIONISM

BY PROFESSOR R. B. MOWAT

THE long drawn-out Italo-Abyssinian crisis has prominently brought forward in public the question of revision of frontiers, a question which has been agitated with very varying degrees of intensity ever since the Peace Treaty was concluded in 1919. The British Government and the League Powers in general have been vigorously indicted in various quarters for not having made use of Article 19 of the Covenant in order to make such a rectification of frontiers as will satisfy discontented peoples and remove the sense of grievance. Article 19 of the Covenant is :

The Assembly may from time to time advise the reconsideration by members of the League of treaties which have become inapplicable and the consideration of international conditions whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world.

The talk of revision takes into account not merely European frontiers ; it comprehends existing colonies. With the help of interested parties, a sentimental legend is being established that the world at present is divided into " Haves " and " Have-nots " ; and that it is the duty, and perhaps the interest, of the " Haves " to share out some of their property. Among the " Revisionist " states are, not unnaturally, two of the parties defeated in the World War, Germany and Hungary ; but another, and one of the loudest speakers for revisionism, is a victor Power which gained enormous territory in Europe at the end of the War, and which had shortly before this taken a large province (Libya) and twelve islands (the Dodecanese) belonging to Turkey. No state is too poor to engage in expensive propaganda. The cumulative effect of all this propaganda is subtle and powerful. All the sentimentalists are being affected by it, and at last, not only in the unsatisfied countries, but in the " satisfied " countries themselves, a Revisionist question is being created, and

continual reference is made to Article 19 and to alleged non-fulfilment of it.

Now, Article 19 was never seriously intended to apply to frontiers. No statesman in his senses in 1919 would have thought that any state would consent to cede any considerable tract of territory because the Assembly of the League advised reconsideration. Article 19 was meant to deal with subjects which can be appropriately dealt with by mediation and conciliation, namely, international "servitudes" when they have become out-of-date and are already recognized by all parties as requiring modification. For instance, if the Covenant of the League of Nations had been in force in 1870, there would have been an excellent case for appealing to it in order to obtain by general consent a modification of the law neutralizing the Black Sea. The neutralization of the Black Sea under the Treaty of Paris of 1856 could no longer, in practice, be maintained, and some modification, though not necessarily suppression, should have been arranged by international agreement. Instead, Russia just repudiated the "servitude".

A question today suitable for reconsideration under Article 19 is "extraterritoriality" in China, which was essential for Europeans in the Far East sixty years ago and, perhaps, to a certain extent, is necessary now, but which clearly requires modification. Unilateral modification—that is, repudiation of the extraterritorial clauses of existing treaties—is the worst possible method of revision. The Egyptian Capitulations are generally agreed to be substantially out of date; they probably hamper efficient administration of justice and finance in Egypt. The treaties and engagements under which they are still claimed might be reconsidered under Article 19. The amendment of the "Reduction of Armament" clauses of the Treaty of Versailles was, or should have been, an admirable subject for discussion and all-round concession, for they had clearly become "inapplicable" after 1933, and there was a large public opinion in practically every country of the world in favour of their revision.

In a word, Article 19 of the Covenant was meant to anticipate and prevent by reasonable give-and-take violent changes which, to the detriment of international faith and solidarity, would certainly take place if powerful states were left legally bound by

obsolete servitudes. That such an employment of Article 19 would have been beneficial in the highest degree to all peoples is surely proved by the terrible results which have ensued from its non-application to the obsolete treaties defining extra-territoriality in China, German rearmament, and Italo-Abyssinian relations. The result in the case of China has been chaos and dismemberment ; in the case of Germany, a race in armaments ; in the Italo-Abyssinian case, war. This last case did, it is true, involve the question of territorial as well as other relations, but in the early stages of the dispute it was definition or demarcation of territory, not the transfer of any large area, that was involved.

As regards large-scale territorial revision—which is the thing generally, perhaps universally, meant when people now talk of revision of treaties—the situation ought to be perfectly clear to all observers of past or present history. There is no state at the present time, nor is there any prospect that there will be in any calculable future any state which will give up any territory politically, economically, or strategically valuable. All the territory claimed by the “ revisionists ” is of this nature. This point is not worth arguing, for everybody—the revisionists as much as anyone else—knows in his heart that in claiming important territory he is claiming for his country something which (notwithstanding peaceful protestations) he realizes is obtainable only by war. Those who possess the territory in question have made no secret of this : the spokesmen of the Little Entente, for instance, have consistently (in moderate but quite unmistakable language) pointed out that territorial revision in their case means war.

There have been, it is true, considerable peaceful transfers of territory in the past : Louisiana from French to American sovereignty, in 1803 ; Florida from Spanish to American, in 1819 ; Alaska from Russian to American, in 1867 ; a large area in the French Congo to German sovereignty in 1911 ; the Virgin Islands from Denmark to American sovereignty in 1917. All of these transfers, except that of the portion of the French Congo, were made in consideration of financial payment ; they were purchased. Purchase is a perfectly honourable and satisfactory way of acquiring territory, but it implies, as all buying and selling does, readiness on both sides to make the transaction.

In the present age of the world's history no government or people is ready to sell its territory or to part with any of it for any consideration whatever. The sale of the Virgin Islands (Danish West Indies) looks like being the last transfer of this kind for many a long day. National sentiment is against cession of territory, and humanitarian sentiment is against it.

When the British Government, in order to avert a cruel and internationally dangerous Italo-Abyssinian war last autumn made a modest offer of a strip of British Somaliland about seventy miles long, a storm of protest was aroused in certain quarters of Parliament, the press, and the public. And yet the British of all people are probably the least sensitive about territory, and have at one time or another lost or given away enormous areas without, apparently, suffering materially or morally on this account. In 1933 a Four-Power Pact (Great Britain, Italy, France, Germany) was signed with a somewhat vague reference to "revision" of treaties. The opposition provoked by the mere allusion to possibilities of territorial revision was so intense in Central Europe that the Four-Power Pact was never ratified. Far from contemplating cessions or transfers, every state is grimly holding on to all that it has, even to mere costly trusteeships like mandated areas. Calculations of material values scarcely enter into consideration at all. The Italians have spent in an effort to acquire Abyssinian territory far more wealth, human and other kinds, than the territory could ever return to them. Every people means to keep what it has, or even to acquire some more. And this in a world which—this fact can never be too much emphasized—is *closed*. There is no longer any land to colonize. Every inch of the world's inhabitable surface is under one sovereignty or another. *Le temps du monde fini commence*—"The age of the closed world has begun"—writes M. Paul Valéry, perhaps the calmest and most sympathetic interpreter of the modern world. The "world-crisis" (for it is nothing less) produced by the Italian adventure in Abyssinia is eloquent testimony to the unwisdom, in fact, the anachronism, of even a very limited plan of "revision" in a closed world.

This is not to say that any rectifications of territory are out of the question. Some small-scale transfers of territory, on the basis of exchange or purchase, are possible. One or two par-

ticularly glaring anomalies in the distribution of racial minorities or in the allocation of markets might be corrected by this means, along the frontiers of, say, contiguous Central European states. Such rectifications are well worth making, but of course they would not satisfy land-hungry states, nor would they amount to anything like territorial revision in the ordinary sense of the word. Still less would such minor rectifications satisfy states with extensive colonial ambitions. The parcels of territory in East Africa handed over by France and Great Britain to Italy since 1919 have not in the least diminished the *tempo* of Italy's agitation for colonial expansion. As transactions between calm, reasonable peoples, minor territorial rectifications are wholesome ; but as sops to the appetite of ambitious, expansionist peoples they are worse than useless. In any case the aim of territorial treaty "revisionism" goes far beyond the scope of the practicable minor rectifications. It aims at large-scale remodelling of frontiers by international dictation. No state will submit to such a thing. Any conference which met to attempt to deal with it would stir up intense irritation and excitement, and might easily end in war. The mere talk of territorial revision is disturbing, mischievous, and dangerous. It ought to be stopped. The responsible statesmen of the states from whom large-scale territorial cessions are likely to be claimed should distinctly declare that no such cessions are practicable. The demand for territorial revision is futile, malicious, provocative ; and it is only made worse by encouragement from sentimentalists in the "possessing" countries. Such people are preparing not peace but war.

There is, however, a way out: a means of satisfying all the reasonable need for expansion of any people, so that they will gradually forget even the question of territorial revision. The political frontiers cannot be revised by any sort of peaceful persuasion under Article 19 of the Covenant or any other treaty, but they can be made almost invisible. It is not the political frontiers that are the trouble, not the fact that at a particular line one state's sovereignty ends and another's begins. The trouble is that the political frontiers are also made into social and economic frontiers ; except for this—the social and economic barriers—you would hardly be aware that you are crossing a frontier when you step from one state into another.

A political frontier becomes also a social frontier when states interfere with the language or religion of people who live on one side or the other of the line. Along all the European frontiers there are people of the same race and language on both sides of the line. It is impossible on an old continent where there has been incessant coming and going, that any state should contain no racial minorities. No amount of territorial revision would straighten out the racial tangle, and leave no racial minorities within state-frontiers. If, however, the minorities are treated with generous freedom by the states in which they have to live, there will be no need to revise the frontiers, as far as the minorities are concerned. They will be content if they are allowed without question to speak, go to school, and plead at law, in their own language ; to worship as they choose ; and, if they live in a compact group, to govern themselves in respect to local affairs. All this simply means that if the minority treaties were loyally executed everywhere, and if those states which have minorities, but not minority treaties, would conform to the spirit of these treaties, the minority trouble would disappear. Everybody knows that many of the racial minorities are badly treated. The demand for territorial revision of frontiers is largely due to this ill-treatment. The way to meet this demand is not by trying to alter the frontiers, but by being generous to the minorities.

Besides being converted into a harsh social barrier, the political frontier has become a terrible economic barrier. Here is the second great cause of grievance : that frontiers cut people off from markets. A reasonable degree of give-and-take across the frontiers—not necessarily complete free trade, which is past praying for—but a decent measure of mutual commerce, would go a long way to making frontiers cease to matter. The extravagant protectionism of modern states robs people on either side of a frontier of the chance of making a fair living, and helps to impoverish even distant states. If the crowded populations of Italy or Japan could export their wares fairly freely to other countries, and if they would correspondingly accept wares of other countries, their alleged “need” of expansion would largely disappear. If they were permitted to export their goods abroad (importing, of course, foreign products as freely) they would be able to employ their teeming populations, and also

they would by exporting goods obtain the foreign currency necessary for buying the raw materials of their industries.

This implies, of course, that international trade must not only be moderately "free", but that all colonies must be open for the purchase of raw materials. The latest arguments of the so-called "Have-not" states, the states with few or no colonies, is that they require territory producing raw-material within their own "currency area". Dr. Schacht, of Germany, has expounded this theory; and in view of the German shortage of foreign exchange, the theory is intelligible. But this German shortage of foreign exchange is simply due to the high barriers which foreign states place against exports from Germany; and equally to the high barriers which Germany places against imports from foreign states. If foreign states would reduce their tariff barriers, so that Germany could export; and if Germany could relax her tariff barriers, so that foreign states could sell to her, she would never suffer from scarcity of exchange, and she could purchase all the raw materials that she required.

All colonies are, and have been for over a hundred years, open for the sale of raw materials. States are so anxious to stimulate their exports that they are unlikely to restrict sales of their colonies' natural products. It is, however, not inconceivable that a colony-possessing state might become monopolist, as Spain, France, and England were in the eighteenth century, and might, however unwisely, refuse to export colonial products except to the Mother-country. Such a policy would create a thoroughly justified grievance for the states which do not possess colonies; and to prevent this, the colonial states should by international treaty undertake to keep their colonies open for the free competitive purchase of raw materials. It would be better still if they would adopt the economic principle of the "B" mandates, namely, the principle of "equal opportunities for the trade and commerce" of all members of the League, or rather of all states whether members of the League or not.

There is one other thing which, if adopted, would contribute greatly to ease tension about frontiers and territories: a more generous policy on the part of governments towards immigration. Restriction of immigration is more justifiable than restriction of imports, but it has been overdone in the last fifteen years. In

a moderately tariffed world the ports could with safety be opened to selected immigrants. Everybody, of course, recognizes that the world in general would benefit from a better distribution of population through transfers between country and country. It is more difficult, however, to see how a country, even a sparsely-populated country, which has unemployed people, could diminish the number of its unemployed by admitting more people. Yet, in a world of moderate, not excessive, tariffs, immigration would ease the pressure of unemployment, not only in the country from which the migrants come but the country to which they went. Migration is a great stimulus to every sort of trade, distributive or productive, to the trades which produce "capital" goods like ships and railways and building materials, as well as to trades producing "consumers'" goods. Naturally, the country which accepts immigrants has the right, or rather the duty, of selecting the kind of immigrant that is most suitable.

The conclusions, accordingly, to which an observer of the "post-War" world may come, can be stated as follows :

(1) There are a few things over which no nation will admit of any compromise, and one of these is the territory that belongs to it. No nation will voluntarily consent to revision on any substantial scale of its frontiers or territorial possessions.

(2) The tension between peoples, though expressed often in political terms of power and prestige, has social and economic causes which the League of Nations and the International Labour Office can greatly help to remedy. The "minority" grievances should be carefully observed and made public. Minorities are more likely to benefit from the promotion of European public opinion and knowledge concerning them, than from actual intervention.

(3) A reasonable degree of freedom of trade between countries, whether contiguous or far separated countries, and a moderate degree of freedom of migration and settlement, would obviate claims for territorial revision and expansion.

So far as European frontiers are concerned, a decent "Minorities" policy, and reasonable access of peoples to neighbouring markets, would solve most of the difficulties. And as regards colonies, a treaty guaranteeing reasonable opportunities for trade and immigration would be almost equally helpful—equally, but not quite, because the demand for colonial expansion

is not only an affair of economics, but also of national prestige. Mr. Baldwin has pointed out in one of his speeches that Governments (and presumably peoples) are extremely sensitive in this age about "status"; and the possession of colonial territory fortifies the feeling of *status*. Even though, however, a universally accepted policy of the economic "open door" would not solve the whole "revisionist" problem, it would (along with "minorities" fair-play) go a sufficiently long way towards solving it to be well worth trying. The British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs was undoubtedly right when he declared at Chatham House (in November, 1935) that far greater use could be made of the means of the League of Nations (and the International Labour Office) for securing international economic co-operation. The political troubles of the world could undoubtedly be, at any rate to a large extent, solved *via* the economic route.

Critics may reply to this: "For fifteen years economists and statesmen have been inveighing against economic nationalism, and have made at least two powerful attempts to check it, yet have accomplished nothing". This, however, is not quite correct. The World Economic Conference of 1927 resulted in a considerable easing of the international trade situation, until the price-collapse in America in 1929 precipitated the Great Depression. The World Economic Conference of 1933 failed largely because it took place at the beginning of President Roosevelt's New Deal, before the internal situation in America was stabilised.

Two things hold out reasonably fair prospects of success for a new World Economic Conference: these are the existing persistent trend towards recovery (as noticed in the League of Nations' World Economic Survey for 1934-35), and the return towards "normalcy" in the American banking and industrial situation.

The agenda which it is likely that governments could agree to put forward at a conference are (in ascending order of difficulty):

(1) Free purchase of raw materials. There is almost no difficulty about this. Every country is anxious to sell its natural products. What is needed further is a declaration of principle

to the effect that the whole world can on equal terms buy raw materials not only in Europe, but in colonial markets.

(2) In order that states which have no colonies may command foreign exchange for the purchase of colonial raw materials, the Conference should arrange with the colony-owning states to accept an increase of imports. This cannot be achieved through a general lowering of tariffs (desirable, but at present impracticable), but by import quotas. The present import quotas, mainly the result of bilateral agreements, are having a bad effect by forcing trade into unnatural channels. A Conference could agree upon import quotas so as to further, rather than retard, the international division of labour.

(3) International migration—which would enormously ease the international situation both economically and psychologically—could be re-started by a universally agreed quota system. Even if only certain categories of migrants, for instance, those with capital, could be allowed in the first instance, marked benefits to the whole world would accrue.

(4) Every government now feels so acutely the burden of its own subsidies and the unfairness of those of every other government, that the time is clearly ripe for general reconsideration of certain classes of subsidies, particularly agrarian and shipping. Problems of national defence make this question especially difficult to handle; but any general agreement, however restricted, would be helpful.

(5) The last thing that any government will surrender will be the sovereign control of its currency. Yet even the World Economic Conference of 1933 registered an agreement upon silver. The continued existence and vitality of the Bank for International Settlements gives ground for holding that further agreements concerning credit, reserves, and currency are not absolutely out of the question.

MUDDLING THROUGH SANCTIONS

BY SISLEY HUDDLESTON

THE tradition of muddling through which has, rightly or wrongly, been fastened on Great Britain, will, in after times, be exemplified by our handling of the Italo-Abyssinian affair. The maximum of confusion has been attained with the minimum of efficacy.

Long after we were aware of Italian designs, we were engaged in constructing a common European front of which Italy was to be the keystone, and then by a sudden reversal of policy we sacrificed Italian support and friendship precisely when the European dangers became obvious to all beholders. We talked a great deal of collective security, and at the same time went so far ahead of other nations as to expose ourselves especially to perils which everybody else was plainly unwilling to share. We referred perpetually to the compulsion of the Covenant, and conducted all our negotiations, such as they were, on the basis of the tripartite arrangement of 1906 and the Anglo-Italian exchange of letters of 1925 which envisaged the division of Abyssinia. We pretended we were bound by our League of Nations pledges, but nevertheless arbitrarily "interpreted" the famous Article 16 in an entirely unauthorized manner, and refused to carry out its perfectly clear and altogether different provisions. We declared that the dispute was between Italy and the League, but moved our Home Fleet without any mandate from the League, in such wise that the quarrel in the eyes of the whole world was essentially between Great Britain and Italy and, as an after-thought, we called on other Mediterranean nations to help us in the war which was definitely but belatedly foreseen between Great Britain and Italy.

It would be easy to continue for many pages this list of contradictions, which denote an utter absence of policy based either on expediency or principle. The public was, of course, easily

persuaded that we were acting in fulfilment of our obligations, and that we had no choice in the matter, whereas at every step we made a choice, sometimes in one sense and sometimes in the opposite sense.

There has been nothing since 1918 which has so appalled me as the facility with which peace-loving nations may be led unawares into war. The effect on the public mind of the so-called peace propaganda is devastating, blinding it to the stern reality of consequences. The monstrous paradox of a war psychosis being created by the pacifists reveals the thinness of the partition which divides, in our modern world, the war-mongers from the peacemakers. When the Peace Ballot, which has had an unquestionable influence, was taken, I received a good deal of correspondence from persons who had worked in this enterprise. Alarmed at the possible outcome, I invariably asked my correspondents—some of them conscientious objectors, and all of them in sympathy with those young men of Oxford who swore that they would never fight for King or Country—if they were prepared to enlist and to go to war in the name of peace. But at that time there was a general desire to affirm that sanctions meant peace, and could not mean war. Since then the evidence has accumulated that sanctions *are* war. It is possible that the war will be kept on the economic battlefield—though in the present case we have trembled on the very edge of the precipice, especially in the middle of October—but even though the worst is averted, the damage caused will be incalculable.

The sanctions against Italy are potentially, if not actually, military warfare, and should never have been applied unless it was explained to the people of all the countries concerned that they must be prepared to fight, and must expect a universal conflagration. It is not difficult to arouse the passions of the public, whose instincts are generous though ignorant. The greatest catastrophes in history have been brought about by an appeal to those generous and ignorant instincts. It is surely fair, in these days of democracy, to enlighten the masses. There are few wars which are not popular. Every country, when it plunges into an adventure, believes its cause to be righteous. That is true not only of Italy and Germany and France, but also of Great Britain. Our own record in the past century and a half

amply demonstrates our capacity for identifying our interests with our conscientious convictions.

Mr. Stanley Baldwin has indeed affirmed that efficacious sanctions do signify war. Sir Austen Chamberlain, as well as the Trade Union leaders, notably Mr. William Kean and Sir Walter Citrine, have made similar admissions. After his resignation, Sir Samuel Hoare insisted on the logical issue of sanctions applied to any nation with the smallest ability to defend itself. M. Laval in the French Chamber has repeated the axiom. But we have no need to rely on political speeches; the political actions are more conclusive. No sophistry can eliminate the fact that the British fleet, before any decision was taken at Geneva, was put on a war footing and moved to the Mediterranean. Those of us who remembered Mr. Winston Churchill's mobilization of the British fleet in 1914, at once appreciated the significance of the analogy. I do not propose to condemn British preparedness, but merely to draw the inevitable conclusion. That conclusion has been confirmed by the negotiations of the Foreign Office, which has come to the aid of the Admiralty, and has sought specific assurances of co-operation from France, Spain, Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey, and other countries in the event of an Italian attack. Again, I must write that, given the fact of sanctions, neither the Admiralty nor the Foreign Office incurs the smallest reproach. The simple point is that, in view of these precautions, it is idle to argue that sanctions are pacific measures.

It is, I trust, superfluous to demolish the false reasoning that after five months of sanctions, contemplated or applied, war has not yet broken out and may still be averted. It is possible to juggle with a lighted torch in a powder magazine without producing an explosion; but to draw the deduction that it is safe to juggle with lighted torches in a powder magazine is palpably absurd.

Although memories are short and the fact appears to be forgotten, this is not the first time since the war that sanctions have been tried, with disastrous results. On the first occasion they were directed against Russia, and were called the *cordon sanitaire*, or the barbed wire fence. They were half-hearted and unsuccessful, but nevertheless they were at least as severe

as the present sanctions, and were accompanied by military expeditions. Those of us who were then opposed to them were no more pro-Bolshevik than we are pro-Italian now. For my part, it was rather because I was anti-Communist that I endeavoured to direct attention to the folly of sanctions. Nothing contributed so much to the triumph of Communism in Russia, and the menace of Communism in other countries, as the policy of the *cordon sanitaire*. Sanctions saved Communism. We rendered immense services to the Revolution by the application of sanctions. It may well be that Mr. Stalin would not now be at Moscow and Mr. Litvinov at Geneva had we not been so lacking in an elementary knowledge of psychology.

The lesson was not learned; and our lack of elementary knowledge of psychology has led us astray in the Italo-Abyssinian conflict. In Italy, in the earlier part of 1935, it was apparent to me that there was no enthusiasm for the proposed Abyssinian expedition. Might-have-beens are always hazardous, but it is at any rate a feasible hypothesis that had we not attempted to punish the entire Italian nation by constructing a *cordon sanitaire* around Italy, Signor Mussolini would quickly have become unpopular in his own country. As it is, we have welded Italian unity—as we welded German unity—in national resistance to external pressure. There is no surer way of exalting nationalism, in which rulers and ruled achieve an unshakable solidarity, than a foreign coalition. I do not profess to know the sequel of the sanctions against Italy; it is conceivable that Mussolini, Fascism, and Italy will be broken; but for the moment it is certain that the threat of sanctions made fighting in Africa inevitable, when wiser and less spectacular diplomacy would have prevented fighting. They will not shorten the war unless it be at a dreadful price; and they have identified the Royal Family, the Duce, and the people of Italy in a common determination.

It has been my lot for more than a year to follow closely in the lobbies of Geneva and elsewhere the evolution of this Italo-Abyssinian affair, and I feel it is my duty to place on record the mingled motives of the advocates of sanctions. Not for a moment would I minimise the consideration of high international morality, though I believe it to be misguided.

Undoubtedly vast numbers of people are sincere in their desire to "strangle" Italy, regarded as an aggressor. They would see justice done though the heavens fall. They would invite ruin rather than permit Italy to follow the example set by their own countries. They honestly believe that a new dispensation was established—somewhere about the middle of 1935. Not even they can fix the date of the new dispensation much further back. If they have forgotten Memel and Vilna, and the Greco-Turkish War for which the British were not altogether guiltless, and the Russo-Polish War, and the unwarrantable occupation of the Ruhr, and the French Wars in Syria and Morocco, and sundry other colonial and frontier wars in which we were involved, they can hardly forget the Chaco War and the Japanese invasion of China. The new dispensation, then, did not begin with the signing of the Covenant. The breaking of treaties has become a regular phenomenon in international life.

When the League of Nations platonically condemned Germany last year for abrogating the military provisions of the Versailles Treaty, after having abrogated the reparation provisions of the same treaty, I ventured to remark to a well-known delegate that the President of the Council was a representative of Turkey which had torn up the Treaty of Sèvres, and that sitting beside him was the representative of Russia which had repudiated the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, and the representative of Poland which had just declared it would no longer be bound by the Minorities Treaty, and the representatives of Great Britain, France, and Italy which, to all intents and purposes, had unilaterally cancelled their debts to the United States. The trouble with the Council of the League of Nations as a supreme political court is that scarcely any of its members have clean hands.

Now there can be no law unless it is invariably and impartially applied to all offenders. Many of the frequenters of the League did not disguise that they were animated by the hope of dealing a decisive blow at Fascism. They boasted of it. Sketchily, they sometimes tried to justify their anti-Fascist animus by the assertion that Fascism meant war—as though democracies have never made war! But for the most part they did not bother about justification. They expressed themselves in purely political terms. Mussolini had delivered himself into their hands, and

an opportunity of employing the League for a political doctrine was not to be lost. The League, in short, was to be converted into a Holy Alliance with different tenets. One has a right, of course, to be Fascist or anti-Fascist in one's sympathies ; but to me, a defender of the League before it was born, it is infinitely painful to watch its degeneration into a mere instrument of political doctrines.

Then there were those who, in one form or another, echoed the thought of a famous ecclesiastical dignitary who holds that just as it required a great war to establish the League, so it will require a still greater war to consolidate the League. The League had registered many failures—now was the chance to take a revenge.

Such men confound the means with the end. What kind of mind can contemplate with equanimity the prospect of war in order to strengthen an organization designed to prevent war ? If the League can only exist by the negation of the principles on which it was founded, it is far better that the League should cease to exist. I have said it before, but I will say it again, that the League can afford many moral defeats, but it cannot afford a single military victory. It is not bound to succeed in its fundamental purpose of mediation, of conciliation, of bringing about a change in men's attitude towards war ; but if it cannot succeed in establishing real peace in the world immediately, it can still hope for the gradual and ultimate abolition of the institution of war which is many thousands of years old. But if it, too, employs the weapon of force, which is the curse of the world today in all domains ; if it, too, makes war to end war, then what hope is left ? Those who engage Satan to cast out Sin are, in the profoundest meaning of the word, immoral ; and their temporary triumph will instal and enthrone Force as the arbiter of human destinies.

Be it remarked that, if the League really existed as a universal association of nations, the present experiment could not have been tried. It is the very limitation of the League which has converted it into a potential coalition directed by a single Power. The argument is sometimes used that the impotence of the League hitherto is due to its restricted character. Great Powers stand outside the League, and therefore the League cannot act.

Now this is the precise opposite of the truth. The truth is that it is just because Germany and Japan have left the League, and the United States has never joined it, that the League can be manipulated by the few remaining Great Powers if their interests happen to coincide.

It has not, I think, been observed that the League has recently been curiously transformed. It is difficult to conceive of anything like the unanimity of Germany, the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, and Russia on any major question of world politics. Just because some of these countries were outside the League was it possible to obtain what is tantamount to unanimity in the Council. Great Britain, on this occasion, decided on an attempt to check Italy, and as France, though reluctant, felt obliged to stand with Great Britain, the League was easily converted into the instrument of Great Britain. For the smaller nations may be divided into several classes: those which proclaim themselves neutral in war, and therefore, believing they run no risk, are all the more ready to join in what they consider to be an ideological enterprise; and those which are greatly concerned with the preservation of the *status quo* though, contradictorily, they happen to be among the most active intriguers and mischief-makers of Europe. Even in these exceptional circumstances, however, with Italy, lacking raw materials, looked on as an easy prey, much diplomatic bullying, bribing, and blackmailing were involved in the attempt to form an effective coalition.

It is better that the British public should be informed that on the Continent of Europe the thesis of British disinterestedness is hardly accepted. Every government knows that, with the development of the aeroplane, Italy constitutes a challenge to British naval supremacy in the Mediterranean and menaces Imperial routes. Sir Eric Drummond opened the eyes of the British Government in October to the danger of war in Egypt and the Sudan; and it became apparent that Signor Mussolini and the Italian people, though now putting restraint on themselves, were not bluffing, and were not afraid of facing death and destruction if they were driven into a corner. Great Britain would doubtless once more prove its superiority, but every country would suffer defeat if the conflict spread. This would

be no naval holiday, as certain colleagues in the League lobbies had gleefully informed me at the beginning of the struggle.

Besides, if the public heard little about the Anglo-Italian correspondence of 1925 no responsible person could ignore the fact that the two countries then agreed to support each other, to obtain for Great Britain the right to construct a barrage at Lake Tsana "within the Italian sphere of influence", and a road to the Sudan; and to obtain for Italy the right to construct a railway to the West of Addis Ababa, linking Eritrea with Italian Somaliland, and exclusive economic influence in the Western part of the country. Everybody heard of projects for the growing of cheaper cotton in the Sudan. Moreover, the exceedingly curious concessions which the Emperor of Abyssinia had accorded to certain agents were never fully explained, and presumably still remain valid. The hypothesis of an Anglo-Italian quarrel in which Italy has placed itself at an immense disadvantage by committing extraordinary diplomatic blunders which make the formation of a League coalition against it mere child's play, is not lightly brushed aside by European diplomatists.

Italy has, indeed, made blunder after blunder. Signor Mussolini's scorn for the League, and his forthright manner which has made him a great power at home, have been enormous handicaps to him in the diplomatic sphere. A year ago he might have indicted Abyssinia at the bar of public opinion. Nobody can honestly deny the barbarism of Abyssinia and the abominable practice of slave-holding and slave-dealing which render it totally unfit for membership of the League. It is beside the point to recall that Italy and France sponsored its membership. That manœuvre was part of the unpleasant game that France, Great Britain, and Italy have been playing against each other in Abyssinia. To put Abyssinia on the same footing as a civilized nation is purely a legal fiction. Long ago, if the League had done its duty, it would have called for intervention.

In default of the League as a body acting spontaneously, Italy should have directed attention to a situation which is infinitely worse than that of many countries placed by the League under mandate. It is also unquestionably true that only the central part of the country can properly be said to be Ethiopian; the non-Amharic peripheral regions are newly

conquered, oppressed, but nevertheless uncontrolled, savage domains of the so-called Empire. The folly of Italy was to resort alone to military measures and, defying the League, to put itself hopelessly in the wrong.

But the League must likewise be blamed for permitting the continuance of inequalities which cannot be justified in the distribution of mandates. Despite the secret Treaty of London of 1915, which brought Italy into the War on the promise of equitable compensation, France and Great Britain and the Dominions received over a million square miles of mandated territory, while the colonial claims of Italy were ignored. Sooner or later trouble was inevitable. Surely it is the business of the League to do something more than wait until problems produce explosions. It must have a constructive policy, and not fold its arms in face of growing tension. If it waits for wars to break out, it is false to its mission ; it must foresee the possibilities of war and remove the causes.

Personally, I believe Article 16 to be a delusion and a snare. I believe its principle to be ill-conceived. I believe the phrase " peace indivisible " to be equivalent to " war indivisible "—as, indeed, Mr. Litvinov acknowledged at the last Assembly. I believe, too, as all authorities agree, that the sanctions article has, in the words of Professor Rappard, hitherto been " interpreted into insignificance ". But if it is pretended that it is now applicable (despite the British rejection of the Geneva Protocol), the terms of Article 16 are explicit. An offending member is *ipso facto* deemed to have committed an act of war against all members of the League, which undertake immediately to sever all trade and financial relations, and to prohibit intercourse between nationals. The text remains, whatever glosses were arbitrarily put on it in 1921 and in 1935. There is no question of graduated sanctions. Severance of relations, diplomatic, social, personal, economic, should be final and complete, from the day the Covenant is broken.

Moreover, under Article 10 and Article 11, the Council has power to act in the event of any threat or danger of aggression. In the *Times* Review of the Year, it is stated that, on January 16, 1935, General de Bono was appointed High Commissioner for Eritrea and Somaliland—the first official act which confirmed

the designs already attributed to Signor Mussolini. On February 11 the first mobilization order was issued. On February 20 it was announced that stocks of raw materials had been accumulated, making Italy independent of foreign countries. Yet it was not until war had begun in October that the League began to examine the question of sanctions. Even then the prompt application of an embargo on oil might have been effective—though doubtless dangerous. Instead, Italy was permitted to buy everything except actual armaments, and it may well be that the boycott, extremely imperfect, of Italian goods, has been helpful to Italy. And now, after four months of fighting—which good diplomacy would have avoided altogether—the question of oil sanctions has come under discussion. It would be difficult to imagine worse muddling than this.

Consider the consequences. The victory of Italy means the end of the League. The defeat of Italy means the wreck of the European scheme of things. Disarmament is killed by the demand for bigger armies and navies for the sake of collective security. The humanitarian League is ranged with slavery and barbarism. The impetus towards economic autarchy and the destruction of world trade is increased. The Colonisers have raised insoluble problems for themselves. The Conservatives have played into the hands of the Revolutionaries. The anti-revisionists have created conditions in which sweeping territorial changes are possible. The Pacifists have invited a gigantic war. Europe and civilization are being urged to commit hara-kiri to save Abyssinia and savagery. Optimistically, let us hope that we shall muddle through.

But that Article 16 is a potential peril to mankind can, I think, not be disputed by any serious student of international affairs. Article 16 must go.

PRIVACY AND THE LINDBERGHs

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

I

MISS EDITH CRAIG and Miss Christopher St. John, in *Ellen Terry's Memoirs*, refer to an incident in connexion with the great actress's death which was, at that time, 1928, a remarkable one, but would not be remarkable to-day. "We were pestered by journalists at Smallhythe", they say, "from the day Ellen Terry was stricken to the day she died". In a passage taken from a published Diary kept by Ellen Terry's daughter, Miss Craig, the following sentences appear :

But the night was ugly (July 20, 1928). The night was a nightmare, for down at the toll-gate four big black beasts of prey were crouching, cutting the garden into gashes with their greedy eyes. Four murderous motors, their livid head-lamps levelled on the farmhouse, cottages and roadway, were waiting in the dark with reporters sent by the morning papers to be in at the death, or die. Last night, one had crawled through the hedge, and tried to spy in at that curtained window. To-night the town of Tenterden has sent police to guard the house. But no one could slip out of the sick-room to take courage from a star, or strength from the fresh air, without staring strangers making a note of it ; or cross the road with a message without being cut to the quick by those bestial beams. To use the telephone meant first making sure that no eavesdroppers were crouching outside the cottage window to make a scoop of sorrow.

We have made much progress in scooping from sorrow since that passage was written, and newshounds are no longer content to crouch under the cottage window, but leap through the window and even paw the bed where the sick are dying.

The flight of the Lindberghs from America, and their reception in England, remind us of the increasing encroachments on individual privacy that are made by the popular press, and invite us to consider a social menace that will, unless it is removed, involve us in disaster. We must not complacently say to ourselves that although these dreadful things happen in the United

States, they cannot happen in Great Britain. They *are* happening in Great Britain, and are likely, if we do not bestir ourselves, to happen more extensively. One of the most shameless newshounds in England has boldly stated that a person who becomes "news" no longer has rights, and may have his privacy invaded at any hour of the day or night by reporters in search of information. Many events that have happened within the past two years show that this is the attitude adopted by the proprietors, editors and staff of many popular newspapers to whom no sorrow is sacred where there is a circulation to be increased or a copper to be dragged out of a sensation-loving herd.

II

Lest I should seem to be exaggerating when I say that members of the popular press deny that individuals who have the misfortune to become "news" have any rights of privacy, let me quote a passage from the main leading article which was published in the *News Chronicle* of December 31, 1935, under the caption, "Colonel Lindbergh's Arrival":

Colonel Lindbergh himself is so celebrated a person, and the flight of his family from America has been so sensational, that it was idle to suppose that his arrival in this country could fail to excite the curiosity both of the public and the Press. It is not an illegitimate curiosity. A public man cannot claim that his movements and his intentions are of no concern to anybody but himself; and when they are of so dramatic a character as to set two continents talking, it is idle to expect the Press of the world not to seek to chronicle the development of the drama.

I interrupt these extraordinary statements to say that while it may be conceivable that the Press is entitled to "chronicle the development of the drama", the Press is not entitled, as it sometimes seems to suppose it is, to *make* the drama develop in a way that is profitable to itself. The leading article continues:

If Colonel Lindbergh is wise, he will satisfy at once by a frank and full statement the public desire to know his immediate intentions. Mystification will merely serve to sharpen curiosity. Not nearly so much attention would have been attracted to his arrival had it been less shrouded in a mystery which has excited instead of allaying the general curiosity. That done, Colonel Lindbergh may rely upon it that he is very unlikely in this country to be pestered with a publicity which he does not desire. Responsible English opinion, in common with responsible opinion all over the world,

sympathises warmly with him in the horrible persecution to which he and his family have been so long exposed. He will suffer no such molestation here. In a week or two . . .

(when, that is to say, the newshounds and the sensation-mongers have been gorged and sated)

. . . he may be sure of all the privacy he can desire ; but the best way to assure this is to avoid the appearance of shrouding the whole affair with an air of mystery.

It is a saddening fact that the *News Chronicle*, whose first editor in the days when it was the *Daily News*, was Charles Dickens, should have drawn from that great man only the spirit of Pecksniff, Chadband and Stiggins. A more oily piece of humbug than that leading article can seldom have appeared in any newspaper. That the opinion of this leader-writer was not, is not, the opinion of decent newspapermen was promptly made plain in several parts of the Press. The *Manchester Guardian* described the baying of the newshounds as "a breach of good manners", and asserted that "the bulk of British opinion will sincerely hope that, in spite of this hue and cry and loosing of the pack, a false scent may yet be laid and the quarry escape to enjoy in complete quiet the hospitality of the country in which he seeks rest for his family and for himself :

But if the hunt goes on, it may be pertinent to inquire whether this is not a wrong for which the law provides a remedy. The definitions the courts have upheld of what is "annoyance" or "nuisance" included many things more trifling than persistent and unwanted press attention.

Lord Rennell wrote to *The Times* to suggest that the Lindberghs should be left alone, and the resentment which all decent people feel at these newspaper violations of privacy and intrusions into personal grief and distress was promptly made manifest in other papers, but nowhere so dramatically manifested as in the correspondence columns of the *News Chronicle* itself. It may, indeed, be claimed as creditable to the *News Chronicle* that it published letters which forcibly repudiated the opinions expressed in its leading-article, although we may doubt whether these repudiations would have been published if they had not been representative of a large number that were not published. I quote these letters, which the paper printed in its issue of

January 2nd, to prove that the plea made by the popular press that its intrusions into private life are made to satisfy the demand of its readers, is entirely false. Here are the letters, reproduced exactly as they were published :

THE TRAGIC FAMILY.

In the same issue that R. J. Cruikshank graphically describes the agony through which the Lindbergh family have passed, and the almost unbelievable indecency of the intrusion of the tabloid newspaper into people's private lives in America, your news columns pander to the instincts of those who would make this country like America, following on a photograph published a few days earlier of the house where the Lindbergh family had previously stayed.

N. F. DOVEY.

19, Sunbury Avenue,
East Sheen, S.W.14.

The fever of curiosity now being aroused to fever pitch over the private affairs of the tragic Lindbergh family is, to say the least of it, degrading to the minds of all decent citizens.

This England of ours is the so-called home of liberty and security, but that morbid minority who swallow whole any new sensation are evidently out to outrival the worst phases of American publicity and make the last state worse than the first.

J. B.

Denton, Lancs.

Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh have come to England to escape from intolerable publicity and to ensure the safety of their little son.

Could not, then, our national newspapers agree to refrain from publishing any news of their whereabouts or their plans? Surely it is not in the interests of this tragic family—as your article so truly described them—to speculate as to their future residence in this country.

EDGAR J. BAKER.

6, Roundwood Way,
Banstead, Surrey.

The fact that no letters supporting the *News Chronicle's* plea were published is significant. The slightest acquaintance with a newspaper office is sufficient to prove that the readers of this paper must have made very plain to the Editor their disgust with his argument and plea.

III

But the hue and cry, though it has been abated, went on. The newshounds are not so easily balked of their prey. While the *American Importer*, the ship on which the Lindberghs

left America, was still on the sea, reporters were hurrying, first to Cork and Queenstown in the hope of intercepting the family there, and then to Liverpool where the ship was to berth. "For a couple of nights and days", writes a correspondent of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, "the Gladstone Dock was besieged by the largest international gathering of newspaper representatives and photographers that ever assembled at an engagement in Liverpool. There were at least 100 Press people—English, Irish, Welsh, Scottish, French and Swedish. In the contingent was a woman photographer from Paris". The menace to personal privacy is, it appears from that statement, international.

A man who is unlucky enough to become "news" will find himself pursued by newshounds from every part of the world. The fact that one of his children has been foully murdered and that his remaining child is in danger of kidnapping and, perhaps, of death is the excuse for letting loose on him and his distracted wife "at least 100" photographers and reporters, each of them resolved to make a scoop from sorrow. How long, we may reasonably enquire, will the public tolerate this indecency? The Lindberghs have fled from their home because of the menaces to themselves and their child with which they have been incessantly threatened. Mrs. Lindbergh, a young woman of intrepid spirit, as her history proves, has been brought almost to a state of nervous prostration by the threats she and her husband have received and by the incredible invasions of their privacy made by newspaper reporters, some of whom actually "held up" the car in which the Lindbergh child, Jon, was being taken for an airing, so that they might take and publish his photograph. These men, disgracing the honourable profession of journalism, pretended to be thugs and gangsters, and, having stopped the car in which the boy was being driven, terrified its occupants while they "snapped" the child. It was then that the Lindberghs decided to leave home and come to Europe.

The indecent lengths to which American reporters and photographers, employed by what are called "tabloid" newspapers, will go in their search for sensation are beyond belief. One man strapped a small camera to his ankle and took a picture of a woman being electrocuted. (The introduction of cameras

into death-chambers in America is forbidden.) The photograph was published in a New York "tabloid". Another man took a camera into an operation-room while a Cæsarian operation was being performed. This photograph, too, was published.

A sheet called *Time* actually republishes with pride photographs of suffering and sorrow which are, in its opinion, examples of enterprising news-search. In its issue for December 23, 1935, this paper printed a picture of a grief-stricken man gazing at the body of his wife who, having been killed by a motor car, is seen lying stretched on the pavement; and it describes, almost in terms of glee, how the photographer, setting out on "what promised to be a dull, routine assignment", namely, the photographing of a dead woman, was elated to find the weeping husband leaning in distress against a doorway. The bright young photographer promptly stepped up to the bereaved man and "snapped" him, and was awarded the first prize for "the best spot news-picture" out of three hundred that were exhibited by the Press Photographers' Association.

Our own popular papers have not yet descended to the depths of mud in which the New York "tabloids" wallow, but some of them show signs that they are ready to do so as soon as they safely can. We may be thankful that the fundamental decency of our people has, in the matter of the Lindberghs, made them halt. They still sneak after the unfortunate family, but their sneaking is as furtive as it is foolish. They have informed us that the Lindberghs have left Liverpool and, with such precision as they can master, what their destination is; and they have speculated as publicly as possible on their probable destination if and when they leave England.

To whom is this information "news"? Whose business, but their own, is it that the Lindberghs have left Liverpool and gone elsewhere? This young man and woman have fled from their home and their country in fear lest their only child should suffer the fate of his elder brother. Our popular newspapers, almost as if they were agents of the crooks and gangsters who may be seeking the child's life, publish the address to which they suppose the Lindberghs to be flying for refuge! Why? Of what interest is it to the readers of any of these papers that this unhappy family is hiding here or there, and why must

the newspapers reveal the exact situation of their probable hiding-places? Must the popular papers assist the criminals by supplying them with information?

It is clear that we cannot allow pressmen, in the pretence of public interest, but really for the benefit of their own pockets, to continue in this exploitation of private trouble. I am proud to say that the Institute of Journalists, when I addressed them on this subject about two years ago, passed a resolution in which they begged the Newspaper Proprietors' Association to discourage and prevent these exploitations and intrusions; and I, who am a journalist, would prefer to see the filthy traffic stopped by journalists themselves. But it may be necessary for the public to protect itself by taking legal action against those who violate its right of seclusion. Some newspaper men, while they object to these invasions, participate in them on the ground that until all newspapers agree to abstain from making them, every newspaper will have to disregard privacy so as not to be left out of "news". The argument is specious, but influential on pressmen who, however, must realize that it is better for them to remove this reproach from their profession than that they should have it forcibly removed either by an indignant public or by Parliament.

The hope that all newspaper proprietors will respect privacy may seem to be delusive, but at least an attempt to translate it into a reality should be made. If it is not made, the newspapers may find themselves, to their shame and disrepute, brought gravely to judgment by a public which is increasingly becoming sensitive to the grossness of these outrages. Members of Parliament have already muttered about the need for controlling the Press. The Press will be exceedingly foolish if it gives them an excuse for imposing unwarranted restrictions on its activities by wilfully exposing itself to restrictions that are generally approved. Let the Press discipline itself, lest it be disciplined.

GERMAN POLITICAL EXPANSION

BY CHARLES CUNNINGHAM

WHEN in August last, during the course of a protracted journey of investigation into the political tendencies in Central and South-Eastern Europe, I found myself in Nuremberg for the Nazi *Partei Tag*, the importance of the political part which Germany might be going to play in those regions of Europe was apparent to me ; and when I had travelled some hundreds of kilometres further eastward, first appearances were fully confirmed. But already by then the Italo-Abyssinian situation was so serious as to cause more than one special correspondent whom I met in Bavaria to shrug his shoulders and say : " Well, there's nothing here that I did not see and write about last year ", and to tell the hotel porter to get him a sleeper on the Rome train. In this, I think, they were mistaken. For the outcome of the Italo-Abyssinian conflict is likely to result in a lessening of Italian influence in Europe, whereas the expansion of German political influence in Austria, Hungary, and Yugoslavia bids fair to go a long way towards finally settling the subterranean struggles which for seventeen years since the war have existed, at any rate in Austria and Hungary, and which render the Germany of the moment a political factor of first class importance.

In the course of my investigations I was in Berlin, Vienna, and Budapest, besides Nuremberg, and I had the good fortune to make personal contact with such well informed people as Herr von Ribbentrop, Major Fey, Mr. Tibor Eckhardt (recently Hungarian delegate at Geneva), Count Alfred Brusselle (one of the most important of the Austrian Legitimists), as well as diplomats on leave from Rome. I had therefore, perhaps, unusual opportunities of estimating from various angles of thought the extent of the expansion of German influence in Austria, Hungary, and Yugoslavia, the three countries mainly dealt with in this article.

I have been visiting this part of Europe regularly since 1930, and to one who has followed the pell-mell rise and fall therein of one section of political thought after another, the present solid unanimity in favour of closer connection with Germany is remarkable. Nor can I leave these preliminary generalities without emphasising the fact that the attitude of Germany towards those of her neighbours who desire to draw closer to her is to the best of my knowledge and belief the exact opposite of bellicose. For why, demands your average intelligent German, should the *Putsch* which cost Dollfuss his life be repeated? And though not accepting responsibility for that *Putsch*, he goes on to prove why it is that soon rather than late both Austria and Hungary will themselves force the *free* elections which will enable the wish of the majority for closer contact with Germany to be satisfied. Then, too, Herr Hitler, whose gifts as a diplomat are exemplified by the admirable silence concerning Germany's foreign policy for which he is responsible, declared specifically in his address to the Reichstag on May 21st this year that it was his fixed intention to "find and maintain a relationship with the British State and people which will prevent for all time a repetition of the only struggle which there has been between the two nations hitherto". And as Hitler well knows, forcible interference on the part of Germany in the affairs of Austria would certainly cancel the good feeling between his country and this which, starting with the Naval Treaty, has steadily augmented.

No, in seeking a reason for Germany's increased influence in Austria it is necessary, primarily, to regard the diminution of that of another power, namely, Italy. And here it seems appropriate to say that to talk of Austria's independence is sheer childishness. No country, reduced as Austria has been, economically, territorially, and in population, could hope to have complete independence.

I was in Vienna at the time of the Austrian Cabinet reshuffle last autumn, and I was still in Austria when Prince Starhemberg announced his Italian-backed claim to the dictatorship of the country. The first of these events, resulting as it did in a superficial increase of Italian influence over Austrian affairs, was unpopular enough with the Austrian Social-Democrats and Nazis.

But the subsequent action of Prince Starhemberg did nothing for the already precarious Schuschnigg regime save to destroy its last, admittedly unstable, prop, the Legitimists, who for long past have been trying to delude themselves into believing that Mussolini had not really deserted the cause of Archduke Otto, but who now—feeling that if they cannot have back their King, they at any rate will not continue to be dominated by an Italy who has enriched herself at the expense of Austria—have no alternative but to range themselves with the sentimentally anti-Italian peasants of the Austrian Tirol and that vast majority of Austrian realists who see in Italy a power no longer able to support that keystone of Austro-Italian friendship, the Rome Pact of 1934.

It is necessary now briefly to regard the financial situation of Italy. That it is serious in the extreme is at once apparent. Her current budget is unbalanced, while the total deficit of those of the preceding four years amounts to the staggering figure of almost £250,000,000. Long before the first shot was fired in Abyssinia, Italy's efforts to raise credits in London, New York, and Paris were fruitless; and were Italy to withdraw tomorrow from Africa, the money needed to repatriate men, munitions, and equipment would run into millions of pounds. It is argued by some that Italy is not yet bankrupt, nor anywhere near it, and that with the cessation of hostilities financial conditions will rapidly return to normal. But such an argument is difficult to understand. An immediate return to peace would only send up the Italian unemployment figures so alarmingly as to compel Mussolini to spend what is already being disbursed on the campaign in relief; while the reduction of imports to a cast-iron minimum, it is maintained by Austrian financiers, would mean the death of the Rome Pact.

By the Rome Pact of 1934, Italy guaranteed to buy from Hungary 1,000,000 metric hundredweight of cereals on condition that Hungary, finding herself in consequence in a position to do so, should offer an increased market for Austrian manufactured goods. Austria, in her turn, on account of her increased income, was to buy 2,000,000 metric hundredweight of cereals from Hungary, the figures in each case being subject, naturally, to seasonal fluctuation. For Italy this was an excellent arrangement,

as providing, as she did, the initial capital through her purchases from Hungary, she was able to subsidize and gain a controlling interest in both countries with but a single outlay. For Austria as well this was also an agreeable bargain, since it balanced the budget and marked out for her a definite line of policy, namely, the Italian.

What, however, does not appear to have been appreciated at the signing of the Rome Pact is that an essential condition of its effectiveness is that Italy's finances should remain at any rate fairly sound. And this, as I have shown, they have not done; with the result that the realist Austrian majority—as anyone visiting that country can check for himself—is looking round for someone to take Italy's place.

Nor can this vastly important majority be blamed for seeing in Germany the obvious *remplaçant* of Italy. With the peasantry of the Austrian Tirol it shares a dislike of that country which, after the war, seized a large part of the Tirol. With the Legitimists of the aristocracy and small gentry it feels itself traditionally and culturally far closer to Germany than to Italy. It agrees, too, with those of the army who consider that the Reich is strategically a better ally than Rome. So that it is neither wise nor desirable in the opinion of this pro-German majority to continue to be bound by the toppling Rome Pact of 1934; and Germany is not losing any time in seizing on the legitimate advantage offered her by Italy's dilemma to suggest extensive and satisfying commercial agreements to an Austria whom she has neither the wish, the necessity, nor the crass stupidity to try to conquer by force. The possibilities most frequently discussed on both sides of the Austro-German frontier relate to a return to the 1929 trade-volume between the two countries and to the removal of Austria's adverse trade balance with Germany. In this direction Germany will not haggle over a few millions of Reichmarks.

For it is known by the directors of the Reich's foreign policy that Germany's influence in Austria is daily augmenting. It is seen that the cards are stacked against Rome and that Berlin has been dealt a winning hand. And it is perfectly appreciated that the only thing necessary for Germany to do is to sit tight and let the hand play itself. Political unrest below the surface in Austria is rampant, as the Wilhelmstrasse fully realizes; and

but a short time, it is argued, must elapse before this unrest erupts, leading either to civil war in Austria or to free elections. In either case the ultimate result, it is considered, is certain to be the same : a vote overwhelmingly in favour of transferring the preponderance of Austria's friendship from Italy to Germany.

Before quitting the subject of Austro-German relations I must deal briefly with the two principal arguments against a *rapprochement* between the two countries which are from time to time advanced. The chief of these objections—that the Great Powers would not tolerate such a move—is answerable in the first place by the fact that their intolerance could only be provoked or justified by the use of force towards Austria on Germany's part, a possibility so totally contrary to the present Reich policy as to be negligible. Indeed, I have no hesitation in saying that Germany now does not want to absorb Austria. Has she not (as I was frequently asked in Berlin) had just as ample opportunity as the rest of post-war Europe of observing what a thorn in the side of its ruler a discontented minority can be ? And would a predominantly Catholic Austria—the questions continued—be anything but that if controlled by a Power not in complete sympathy with the majority's religion ?

What applies to an Austro-German *rapprochement* applies also to the Hungaro-German *rapprochement*, the preliminaries of which are at present taking place. So we see that the same present impossibility of securing complete independence for Hungary exists, and thus the same necessity to find an external financial backer ; and that likewise the same insistence on a reasonable measure of autonomy will be put forward by Hungary as by Austria when concrete negotiations between Budapest and Berlin take place. And for reasons similar to those which will apply to Austria, Germany will be only too happy to guarantee autonomy. In the expansion of her influence in Hungary, indeed, Germany has an easier road than in Austria. For in Hungary the foundation stone of pro-Italianism is even more insecure than in Austria. One reason for this is that whereas Austria's present trade figures with Germany reveal an adverse balance of 40 million Reichmarks, Hungary's figures of 63 million Reichmarks' worth of exports against 39 million Reichmarks' worth of imports give a favourable balance of 24 million Reich-

marks ; while Germany, it should be realized, is Hungary's second largest customer after Austria, taking 22 per cent. of that country's exports as compared with Italy's modest 8·3 per cent.

Again, whereas in Austria it is the peasantry of the Tirol who form the bulk of the active revisionists and see in Germany the best hope of securing a revision by peaceful means, in Hungary the whole population—so far as it has any political creed at all—is united in demanding a revision of the Treaty of Trianon. In considering the position of Germany and Hungary today, this unanimity of desire for revision is of first-class importance. For not only does it give to the personally Germanophile Prime Minister, General Gömbös, who already possesses something approaching dictatorial powers, an obvious objective in his foreign policy, but it establishes a bond between the Magyars and the 500,000-strong German minority dwelling, scattered, in their midst. Thus Gömbös—a professional soldier, who since his assumption of power after the fall of the Bethlen regime and its unfortunate successor, the Andrassy Cabinet, has shed much of his brusqueness and developed into an extremely able negotiator—has a practically free hand to follow his own inclinations and treat with Germany. His strongest opponents are, perhaps, the Legitimists. But if the situation of this party in Austria is one of, at any rate, organized disappointment with Italy, in Hungary they are not even organized and, numerically insignificant as they are becoming, can be written off.

We come now to Yugoslavia, wherein the increase of German influence, if not so apparent, is no less definite ; and at the outset it is obvious that this increase of German influence is, as in the case of Austria and Hungary, due to the diminution of that of another Power—France ; though in Yugoslavia's case as well the Italian decline also plays its part. For some considerable time past the influence of France in Yugoslavia has been on the wane ; it was given its *coup de grâce* by the Franco-Soviet understanding, a step which Yugoslavia has always dreaded, and one which, now that it has been accomplished, is not only resented but derided as well. Besides, well-informed sections of Yugoslav opinion say : " Look at the position that France herself is in today. Her birth rate continues to fall alarmingly ; her Government is unstable ; and, finally, her own North-African possessions are

—owing to over-production and France's inability to consume—in a deplorable condition financially, leaving Paris to find frequent heavy subsidies to prop up their toppling budgets, and thus drastically reducing the amounts which in more favourable times were at the disposal of the Little Entente states.”

Other reasons as well are not wanting for expecting in the near future a re-orientation of Yugoslavia's foreign policy. Principal among these is Italy. For years past, Yugoslavia has been periodically agitated by scares concerning the possibility of Italian aggression. Today, however, it is known in Belgrade that the hour of Italy's preponderant voice in Austria and Hungary is passing. Germany, it is realized, who can in any case offer just as good trading facilities as can France, will take Italy's place in Austro-Hungarian matters. Might it not be a very good idea to cut adrift now, while the moment is most opportune? many people in Yugoslavia are asking themselves.

Thus we see that, starting with Austria, the expansion of German political influence is likely to extend through Hungary to Yugoslavia. To these three countries in Central and South-Eastern Europe must be added Bulgaria, who on account of her strategic position and because of post-Peace-Treaty resentment is in sympathy with Germany, Austria, and Hungary. Germany can already count on Poland; and when one bears in mind the extremely noteworthy fact that not force but the possibility of peaceful gain is the motive which is likely to unite about Germany such an important group of countries as Austria, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, and Poland, it must be apparent that the political possibilities inherent in such a re-grouping are of the utmost importance to the other Powers in Europe and deserving of their careful attention.

INTRUDERS IN THE FILM WORLD

By E. ARNOT ROBERTSON

CLAUDETTE COLBERT in a leopard-skin brassiere, killing very stuffed birds with a bow and arrow, and saying things that sounded vaguely familiar . . .

I sat in the cinema tingling with that queer shame for humanity which comes, to me at least, most frequently from films. I watched her walking through jungle that refrained from disarranging a frond of her leaf skirt, while it tore her companions' clothes to ribbons ; and wondered whether, at the time of the shooting, she had felt anything like the sympathy for me that I was feeling for her, directed to making her hair, which went into the jungle straight, hump itself idiotically into waves, like a caterpillar walking.

But perhaps she had not read the book from which the film was taken. I had written it. If it had not been for me this particularly frightful waste of celluloid would not have happened : some other frightful waste, no doubt ; because if this particular doyen of the film world had not been directing this picture he would presumably have been directing something else : but surely not quite so badly.

This, at any rate, was what I felt while seeing my own work on the screen for the first time, and struggling to find something reasonably courteous to say to the two officials of the film company who sat on either side of me in the otherwise empty cinema in New York. (A performance in an empty cinema always gives one a foretaste of the grave in its appalling feeling of isolation : the New York film palaces, being bigger, are more discomfoting in this way than any others.)

The officials seemed, oddly enough, embarrassed too. We all thought it a dreadful film, but as hosts and guest did not like to admit this. "Why, there's the stinging nettle mentioned in chapter V!" I discovered this with social relief at last, and

went on discovering it as often as possible throughout the film, because they looked so pleased too. We clung to that stinging nettle until the waterfall scene. . . . This was the moment in which I decided that my husband and I were going to have a film company of our own : a sort of pocket-unit, doing my stuff as we wanted it done. When the film rights of my book were sold, I knew the director's reputation as the man who never failed to find room for a bathroom scene ; but this time, I had supposed he would be helpless—what chance was there of a bathroom scene in the story of a forced march across the hinterland of Malaya ? I had not thought of a waterfall . . . in which Miss Colbert stood for what seemed to me hours, while two carefully-trained jets of spray did what was necessary, but no more. If it had not been for me, this deplorable film would not have happened, I thought again. But if it hadn't, I should not have been so suddenly in funds that a second-hand movie camera seemed a cheap escape from further shame of this kind.

It cost £160 ; and for a projector, originally £70, we paid £16. One of the advantages of being an amateur in this trade is that the big companies do not care much what they spend : it is never the individual's money ; so that though everything first-hand is fantastically expensive, anything that is being replaced can be had comparatively cheaply. We set up the projector in the bedroom of our two-room flat, meaning to keep one corner for cinema stuff and the rest for ourselves. By the time we were half-way through our first "short"—a twenty-minutes' sailing picture—the film gear had overflowed the whole flat and we were desperately trying to keep one corner for ourselves.

Two friends were the actors in this picture, which was taken in a small boat off the east coast. Innocently we imagined that, knowing a lot about boats though nothing about films, we had chosen an easy setting. When we had gone so far that we could not afford to stop and start again elsewhere, we discovered that the boat was too small to let the camera get the right distance from the subjects. In practically every scene the proper place for shooting was about six feet beyond the side of the boat. It was impossible to photograph from the dinghy ; even in calm water it wobbled too much. In the end, agonies were endured by the camera-man, suspended from the top of the mast by one

of the halyards, with an oar digging into his stomach and lashed at the other end to the rigging, so that he was held out-board like a spinnaker, and could just steady himself with one toe on the gunwhale. It is hard to direct, with the necessary calm, closing scenes of evening serenity at sea, with a camera man who is also one's husband yelling that in another two seconds the oar will have gone right through him. But the excitement of shooting is astonishingly hardening ; I should not have thought it possible, before we started making films, that in the circumstances I could shout back, " Hold it ! " so ruthlessly and so often.

I like making amateurs and animals behave as I want them to in front of the camera ; these are the only actors who do not feel (possibly with reason) that they know better than the raw director ; and from the director's point of view this is a blessing hard to over-rate. What is needed, in both cases, is immense patience all round.

This first picture, " Our Friend the Wind ", represented the hardest work that I have ever done, I think. It was not so much that my husband and I wrote, directed, photographed, cut and edited it between us : we had to manage the boat at the same time because the two actors, though willing, knew even less about sailing than we did about films. While I, in the fever of the moment, would be howling, " Pull that rope, can't you. Pull it, don't tweak it ! " the camera-man would be trying to bawl louder that if we did not put the boat about now we should go aground ; and then that particular shot, ending abruptly, would be ruined and had to be done again.

I still think it surprising that the finished film, with all our preliminary experiments thrown in, only cost £170. It has booked about £500, including continental and Empire rights. (The distributor takes half and we take half : this is the usual arrangement for " shorts ".)

This, however, was after we had found a distributor. There was a period, while we were hawking the film round Wardour Street, when I utterly despaired of our small venture. At one time, indeed, we advertised all our gear for sale even more cheaply than we had bought it. Everyone had told us that amateurs can very rarely break into the commercial film world,

and they seemed to be right. Renter after renter said that they would have taken the film if. . . . But as it was, no.

Their suggestions were always the inclusion of the things that we had started a film company of our own in order to leave out—the bathing belles, the coy sentiment, or the well-underlined joke. One man volunteered that on one condition he would be willing to overlook the high-brow quality. (We had not thought, while making it, that it was a high-brow film, but the renters were unanimous about that, with disgust.) The condition was that we should put in a sports-car. Staggered, I pointed out that the story was about a frightened little clerk who earned three pounds a week, and a typist who earned two pounds ten. “Oh, the story ——!” he said. “Why, it’d brighten that up a lot. Everybody likes a sports-car.”

“The trouble with you amateurs is, you’ve got no box-office sense.” This was said by the last man who turned us down before we found a renter willing to take a chance. After this we decided that once, and then never again, we would go all out to make a selling film for our own satisfaction, spiritual and financial. What, in our own observation, made an audience say, “Oo!” and “Ah!”?—Luxury, sin, or a baby animal on the screen. Luxury we could not afford to depict; sin must be clothed in suggestive naughtiness to get it past the censor, and, this we could not stand. We would give them, then, twenty minutes of the fluffiest young things we could find. This picture made five hundred per cent. profit in its first three months, and released a year and a-half ago, is still running. It was extremely easy and great fun to make; except that all very young things, human, animal, or bird, seem to react in the same way to fear of the camera’s buzzing, and I was the person who had to hold them.

We are now in the middle of a venture ambitious enough, if it fails, to break up the unit. If by any chance that happens, I think it will be a pity. It might discourage other amateurs, and they are very badly needed in the cinema world, to use brains—which are very scarce there—instead of cash—which is clogingly plentiful. Only the amateur, with his minute overhead expenses, can afford to make pictures with relatively tiny profits—films directed to the small but growing audience that does not look to

the cinema for a means of escape from reality. And he can make each picture the product of one person's brain, not the work of a committee, which is almost always artistically hopeless.

"Big money" can only be taken at present in the cinema by pleasing the provincial shop- and servant-girl, who still constitutes, unfortunately for the cinema—and despite the moralists' moans about her—probably the most sexually-repressed class in the community. A famous film actress in impossible pyjamas, preparing to get into a bed complete with satin sheets and another well-known star, is still the best satisfaction by proxy that art can offer her, and naturally this, or something like it, is what she will pay to get.

(It is interesting, in this respect, to notice that the finest films, artistically, are now coming from those countries where women earning the equivalent of fifteen to thirty shillings a week are sexually most emancipated.)

The amateur in this country can neglect the needs of the lowest audiences, for which the big companies must cater. With a little luck he can even make high-brow films pay in a small way; and I believe that it is in his untied hands, more than in anyone else's, to lift this exciting art form of the future above its present standards as a mass-production trade.

NATIVES DON'T CRY

BY KAY BOYLE

WE went to Austria that summer. It was the time of year when hay-fever made father's eyes cry all day, and in the mountains there was no sign of dust, there was almost frost in the evenings, and if he saw any golden rod growing he could take the long way round across the snow. We went to Austria, driving there from England, and Miss Henly came to us the night before we left. She was not very pleased to come, but it was only for the month, so she came as a gift to us. She did not believe she would like us because of the hotel where we were in London and because of the colour of mother's hair. She did not say these things in the same words to us, but she said them in other ways so that we knew. But the first night she came to us, there was a Lord and Lady to dinner. They were an Irish Lord and Lady, brother and sister, twins. They were both sixteen. Miss Henly did not say much to them at table, but it was easy to see she was satisfied they were there.

The hotel belonged to Mrs. Lewis, and she stood at the top of the stairway smoking cigarettes, knowing at once when you came in whether she'd like you or whether she wouldn't.

"What would your little girls like to see in London?" she asked.

"They'd like to see a Lord and a Lady", mother said.

So Mrs. Lewis invited the Lord and the Lady. Miss Henly came in time to put Francis to bed and then she took us down to dinner. The Lord and Lady were waiting in the hall. The Lady wore a green dress, and she had long, straight, red hair, and because they both had freckles like our own we could scarcely look in their faces for sorrow.

"I don't believe they were a Lord and a Lady at all", my sister said when we were in the room undressing.

"My dear child", said Miss Henly, "as you have doubtless

never so much as laid eye on a titled Englishman, I daresay you have no reason to believe that these young people were impostors. I thought them very well-bred."

"I know they couldn't have been a Lord and a Lady", my sister said. "They had freckles".

"Nevertheless", said Miss Henly folding our dresses sharply into the open suitcase, "I have no doubt they were, and I daresay I am a better judge of such things than a little girl who has always lived across the water".

Miss Henly had a thin coat and a wide felt hat that almost escaped from her head when we drove. She had to hold it with her two hands, riding in the back between us. She was not dressed for driving, you could feel the bones in her legs shaking, but she was very vain of everything she had. Mother put a fur jacket in the back of the car at Southampton and said:

"If you feel the wind, just put this around you, Miss Henly".

There was a ring of blue around Miss Henly's mouth, and she had no gloves on her hands, but she said:

"Oh, I'm not accustomed to bundling up in season and out; in England we don't take our winter things out quite so early, you know. I would be very glad to know", said Miss Henly looking severely at mother, "if it doesn't seem too presumptuous, where we may be going. It's on account of my mail, of course. I haven't anything else but my letters", she said, and she looked at us all as if we were strangers to her. "I have nothing else to live for now".

We thought she was fifty because she had no colour in her face, and her hair was pinned back in a knot in her neck, and it was grey near the ears. Father took her passport on the French side, and when he came back to the car he said:

"I think you're much too young to be leaving home, Miss Henly".

He had a soft voice, and whenever he smiled he seemed shy and uneasy to us.

"Miss Henly's almost as young as you girls", said father, and we saw the colour run into her cheeks. "She's only twenty-five!"

"How old did you think I was?" she said, and Francis said:
"A hundred".

But he was so young there was nothing to say to him. It was just a number he had heard somewhere.

She had been born in Burma, she was a civil servant's daughter, and she had no patience for the ways of any children except the children she and her brothers had been. In the hotels at night she took their pictures from her bag and set them on the bureau. She spoke of them all, and of the places they had lived in, as if these things were clearer seen than any others. And she spoke of them only a little at a time, and not too often, as if they were too good to be given quite away.

She did not say these things or anything like them to mother, but if mother was having her hair done over in Paris or Strasbourg or Munich, she said them to father and to us where we were having tea. She looked at mother in mirrors when mother was putting a dress on or changing her hat, but she never told her about Rudolpho, although she wrote to him every day. She said to mother :

"Where would be a safe place to have mail sent to ? I have to know about my letters".

And mother would be looking at the side of her face through the hand-glass in the mirror, and she would say :

"Oh, I'm sure the American Express or Thomas Cook would do, don't you ?"

But mother never said which city because she scarcely ever knew which country she was travelling in. She could not remember the capitals of Europe even. She could only remember people's faces and whether they liked Picasso. So Miss Henly did not say to her :

"When I was a little girl my father never could shave in the morning unless I was curled up on the table where his basin of water stood !" She gave such gasps and whispers of laughter while she spoke of herself to us that sometimes her words were lost forever. Her cheeks squeezed up red and the tears of laughter seemed ready to fall from her eyes, and the glass with the cocktail in it shook in her hand. "I always had to hold his brush for him, imagine !" she cried out. "He used to make a moustache for me out of the lather —— !" She said more after this, but she laughed so wildly that we never made it out.

Her family was dead, even the brothers, so there was no one

left to write to, but there was Rudolpho. He was a name written out very big across an envelope at night. Father said :

" If your young man likes to read so much, Miss Henly, I think he must be quite literary."

Whenever we had tea with father, we had it beside the bar where he sat, because he didn't like the drinks in other places. And after a week, Miss Henly forgot about tea. She sat at the table with us, but she had a cocktail and potato-chips instead.

" Oh, he's not exactly that ! " said Miss Henly, laughing. " He's foreign, of course, but so many people are these days that one gets accustomed to it. He's been ten years in London, too, so you'd scarcely know. I don't know what he's doing to cheer himself up, poor thing. He must feel like a duck out of water. He wanted me to go, of course, and he told me not to hurry back, but I know perfectly well what's going on inside him ! "

" You'll probably have mail waiting in Salzburg ", said father. " What about another cocktail ? "

" Oh, I scarcely ever drink ! " cried Miss Henly.

" But these were small ", said father.

" Yes ", said Miss Henly. " That's quite true." She saw mother coming in through the swinging-door and the smile went sharp on her lips, and she said :

" Do sit up, girls ! Francis, take your spoon out of your cup ! One would never think I'd been with you over a week now. I'd hoped to see much more improvement "

" Well, anyway, they've learned to say lef-tenant ", father said.

Father went to the post-office the first thing in Salzburg. He took the passports in his hand, and when he came back he was carrying a great many things. There were letters from America, and there was mother's picture playing golf in the *Tatler*, but there wasn't anything, there wasn't even a postcard for Miss Henly. She did not say anything. She sat quite still on the terrace of the coffee-house on the Mozart Place, and the sun was shining for a change. She looked straight into the sun, past father, smiling at what he said. He had said :

" There wasn't anything for you today, Miss Henly. Better luck tomorrow "

Mother opened her letters, and father opened his, and we did

not look at Miss Henly. No one lifted their eyes, and no one felt easy in the silence at the table. Miss Henly sat with her cup of coffee and cream in front of her, and because she did not speak there was nothing for anyone to say. But Francis said :

“ Maybe nobody likes you ”, and mother said quickly :

“ Would you like to wander around a bit by yourself this afternoon, Miss Henly ? There’s quite a lot to see here. I’ll take the children out to the Grand Duke’s palace to see Elizabeth Duncan. You might go see Mozart’s skull ”.

“ Mozart’s skull ! ” cried Miss Henly. “ How disgusting ! ”

In the evening she was in the room still, she was sitting there in the half-darkness when we came home. She had been writing a letter by the window and she was putting the name on the envelope when we came in the door. Father came with us, and Miss Henly said :

“ Where would the best place to change English money be ? ”

Miss Henly stood, very small and thin, with her hand holding to the back of the chair. She wore high black shoes, and a shirtwaist, and a skirt that had no year or season, wide at the knees, and dark. She had never worn anything else but this, no matter how the weather changed.

“ Look here ”, said father. “ If you’d like your salary in advance, you just tell us. I can pay it now or whenever you want it, just as you like.”

“ Not at all ”, said Miss Henly. “ I had no intention of asking for anything in advance. I just happened to find a few shillings in my pocket and thought I would change them here. I only want to buy a stamp ”, she said.

She did not like the seeds in the bread, or the cream in the coffee. There wasn’t a thing she could eat in the breweries, because of the thickness of the meat and the smell of beer in the place. The way of eating frankfurters in the fingers, and the linen suits the women wore were things she could never get over. She couldn’t believe anyone could have so little care for the kind of figure she cut.

“ Imagine going off on your honeymoon with your husband’s head shaved like a convict’s ! ” she said to father, having a drink in the Mirabelle garden in the afternoon. “ I’ll never forget these frightful heads if I live to be a hundred ! ”

"I'm afraid you favour the long-haired, artistic type", said father. "Let's try their side-cars".

"Oh, I never drink more than one, if that!" said Miss Henly. "Of course, I've seen some of the funniest photographs of this young man in England I've spoken of before. When he was in the war, they got things, you know, things in their heads, if you can imagine it. They had to shave the entire regiment's heads! But he wouldn't let them touch his beard, and he did look too silly! He had a little bit of a beard, he was only twenty-one then——" Miss Henly's voice was lost in gasps of laughter, and father, although he had never seen the photographs, opened his mouth and laughed as well as he could. Miss Henly picked up the second cocktail, and suddenly she stopped laughing. "I was wondering about something this morning", she said. "I was going to ask you, that is. The next time you do go to the post-office, would you mind asking if there are any letters for Mary Gwendolyn, or for Gwendolyn Henly. My passport has my name down simply Mary Henly. But some of my friends were in the habit of calling me by my middle name, Gwendolyn. This friend I've mentioned to you before always calls me that".

At the end of the week we went away, we went up the valley into the mountains, and Miss Henly rode in the back with us. She held Francis on her lap, and she closed her eyes and told us of the places she had been to. There were eight natives struck by lightning in the hills near Burma one night in the summer, and she had seen them in the morning when the others carried them down. Their bodies were burned as black as logs in the fire.

"What did you give them to make them stop crying?" Francis said.

"Natives don't cry", said Miss Henly. "They don't feel things the way other people do".

It was cold climbing and father stopped the car for a glass of wine in a country tavern. We all went in and sat down by the stove, and mother and father and Miss Henly drank a pitcher of red, hot wine.

"How do you like Austria, Miss Henly?" mother said. "This is Austria, isn't it?"

" Oh, it's very like the country around Burma, you know ", said Miss Henly. " I was telling the children, I've a friend who has a little car of his own. He drives it all over England. I told him we would be driving around Salzburg. It would be a joke, wouldn't it, if he suddenly turned up on the road ? "

" Perhaps he's going to surprise you by coming right over ! " said father. Miss Henly's face squeezed up with laughter.

" It would be just like him to ! " she said. " I'll never forget the time we were asked to a fancy-dress party. He dressed up the same as two friends of his did, and I never knew until the party was over and everybody unmasked that I'd been dancing with somebody else all evening. He had got tired ", said Miss Henly, " and gone home early ".

" That was a good joke ", said mother.

Father said : " Have a little more wine ".

" Oh, I never take much ", said Miss Henly, watching him fill her glass up. " If this friend I was speaking of did come along the children would have a wonderful time with him. He's like a child himself ", she said, and she began to gasp with laughter. " He'd be down on his hands and knees all the time playing with Francis if he were here ".

" Francis ", said mother, " please get up off your hands and knees, darling ".

" If I get off my knees can I stay on my hands ? " said Francis.

Day after day Miss Henly walked us slowly over the hillsides, in the rain even, with our thick boots on, and on cloudy windy days. Mother and father went up mountains together escaping the golden rod and the cut hay lying wet in the fields. Whenever we went back to the hotel, there would be letters on the table, but there would never be anything for Miss Henly.

" Nobody writes to you, Mrs Hen ", Francis said. He was proud because he had two cards one day from people we scarcely knew. He had a card with a cat's head on it, and when you pressed it the cat cried. And the other was of a man in a bathing suit and when you undid the back of his trousers all the views of Venice opened out.

" My dear child ", said Miss Henly. " ' Fools' names and fools' faces ' ", she said. " As a matter of fact, Francis, if I wanted my letters sent here I could easily tell people to write

to me here, couldn't I? So you see how silly you are".

But we never saw her writing any more letters. She did not even speak of Rudolpho. She would sit reading books that mother gave her, and she never found any of them very good, not as good as the books she had read somewhere else at some other time.

"Always the same old thing", she said, and she gave them back to mother. "Always love, love, love, and whether the beautiful girl will, or whether the handsome hero won't succumb! It's just a bit tiresome I think, you know".

Mother and father put their feet out by the fire and mother said Miss Henly wasn't a good thing for the children even if she was leaving so soon. She said it was the worst thing to have this for every meal with you, this pall, this bitterness, this dead, unspoken sorrow. What could we give her to take away her silence, and her sharpness, and her grieving face? In a little while father said:

"What do you think if I should be Rudolpho? He's been an absolute skunk to her. I'd like to give him a piece of my mind. He probably took every penny she made from her, and now that she's down and out he's through with her. Anyway, I could write letters to her. I could typewrite them and sign them Rudolpho. I could tell her how much I miss her. They wouldn't have to be long".

"How could you possibly get them mailed?" said mother, putting the bright, clear red on her fingernails.

"I could have them mailed from Innsbruck", said father. "I could tell her I couldn't stand England without her. I could tell her I'm going absolutely mad".

"That much would be true, anyway", said mother.

In the morning, father and mother took us part way up a mountain. We were going to the first hut underneath the glacier, because anything else was too far. We left very early, while it was dark still, and we would be back late, in time for supper. Going up we would take it very easy, and we would not speak much, for you needed all the breath in your body for climbing. But coming down we could run as we liked and pick gentians and forget-me-nots all the way.

So we climbed quietly, very silent, my sister and I, listening

to mother and father talking to each other ahead. It was growing light when we reached a plateau where the stream spread out and made soft, marshy ground, and at the far end of this we saw a herd of horses standing. They stood with their heads laid across each other's necks, a great many of them, dark and glossy in the early morning, with their long tails softly brushing across each other's flanks.

They did not move until we were near the centre of the field, and then they seemed to see us quickly, as if it were a game they were playing, and they broke apart and a few of them cried out in high, clear voices. The largest horse had started towards us, her head down, her nostrils spread, her tail arched out behind. The others scattered across the end of the field, and then they wheeled and swung to the heels of their leader who was coming fast, pounding over a trail as if for water, following the smell of it hard to where we stood. Behind her came the others, younger and wilder, shouldering each other and rearing in their haste.

Mother said : " Get behind me, girls. I never heard of such a thing. I never heard anything in my life about horses acting like this ".

Father waved his stick at them, but very gently, as if he would really do them no harm.

" Perhaps they've had an unfortunate experience with humans recently ", said father " They may be looking for someone in particular ".

Mother put her arms down about us and drew us off towards the trees that stood ahead, keeping us close beside her under her arms.

" I'm not in the least afraid of horses ", father said, waving his stick. " I never have been. I've ridden all my life."

" I know ", mother called back from where we were. " Neither am I."

But the horses knew very well what to do : when they were almost on us all, they drew their chins in close against their shining necks, as swans might floating on the water, and they swerved wildly and perfectly in their circle to the other side. First the leading horse drew in her head and made the curve, and then the others followed in the tumult of their advance.

It might have been some kind of game they had made up out of their loneliness and their boredom on the mountainside. They went off over the deep marshy ground and near the edge they took their place again, their sides blowing fast, their heads shaking the hair on their necks from one side to the other, fitting again into their attitudes of rest.

We came home another way and we did not see them, and when we got to the hotel it was six o'clock and Miss Henly was giving Francis his bath.

"Did we get any mail?" said mother.

"Oh, all the mail was for me for a change today", said Miss Henly.

"Oh, how nice!" said mother.

"It was quite a joke", said Miss Henly, her face squeezed up with laughter. "The porter came staggering up—three telegrams and seven letters! They'd never heard of such a thing here! You can imagine!"

"I hope your young man's well?" said father.

"Oh, he's awfully well, thank you", said Miss Henly. "He'd put the wrong address on all the letters and they were all returned to him. So that explains how it was, you see. He's awfully excited about the Lindberghs being in England. He's working on a newspaper now and he's been trying to find out where they are so as to get a peep at them and perhaps a word or two for a story".

"Well, we'll get a good bottle of wine tonight", said father, "and we'll all drink to Rudolpho!"

"Oh, that's so nice of you", said Miss Henly, "but you know how little I drink". She stood up to put the bath-towel around Francis, and she said: "The heat in here, you know, it really makes me a bit dizzy".

It wasn't until after the bottle of wine had been drunk and Miss Henly had taken Francis up to bed that father said anything about it. Then he said to mother at the table:

"There wasn't any mail at all today. The bus broke down on the main road and nothing ever came through. The porter told me when we came back this evening."

"I think the girls had better go up to bed", said mother. "They've been up a mountain and they're awfully tired."

PSYCHOLOGY OF ROAD ACCIDENTS

BY J. L. CARLIN

PUBLIC opinion was again stirred recently by the high toll of accidents on the roads when the figures for the General Election week were issued showing a substantial increase in the number of deaths. The press is at a loss whom or what to blame. The Ministry's energy has been apparent to every citizen ; it is impossible to believe that the pedestrian and the motorist are so careless of the lives of themselves and of other people as to be seriously deserving of censure in the mass ; and it is impossible to throw all the blame on modern mechanisation of transport and insist that the clock shall be put back, the operation of mechanical vehicles severely restricted and all our modern ideas of " progress " reversed. The general tendency is to demand large scale road improvements, expensive " fly-overs ", and the general application of physical science on the most extensive possible scale. This is placing reliance upon the unknown effect of such measures, and is the only way out of the problem for the harassed publicist.

With this climax came a pronouncement attributed (by the *News Chronicle* of November 25) to the Ministry that " the public can expect no miraculous mechanical device from the Ministry that will either substantially reduce or eliminate accidents. . . . There seems to be no doubt at all that the majority of accidents are caused by thoughtlessness and carelessness. . . . In other words, the human element is responsible . . . the responsibility of the individual remains . . . ; the remedy largely lies in our own hands ". The Ministry is said to be " bitterly disappointed".

That being the situation, it is of interest to quote the conclusion come to by an eminent psychologist and published in *The Lancet* on May 19, 1934—over 18 months ago. Dr. Millais Culpin, Professor of Medical Industrial Psychology at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, at the

close of a lecture on "The Prevention of Accidents" at King's College Medical School, said :

Preventable accidents constitute a problem of human behaviour, and, where that is concerned, facile explanations and obvious measures of control are apt to disappoint . . . it is clear that in the recent work here described we are feeling our way to an understanding of the behaviour problems underlying accidents and thereby furthering their prevention.

If it is possible to blame anyone at all for the present situation it is possible to blame the ordinary citizen, and particularly Parliament, which, in matters of this sort, is so truly representative of the ordinary citizen.

Some time after this lecture was delivered and only two days before it appeared in print, namely, on May 17, 1934, Sir Ernest Graham-Little, during the debate on the Road Traffic Bill in the House of Commons, made an earnest attempt to induce the Minister (Mr. Stanley) to give consideration to the psychological point of view. It is true that the main question at issue was the incorporation of psycho-physical tests in the examination of candidates for driving licences, and that there are substantial financial and administrative difficulties to be overcome. The Minister, however, was principally concerned with protecting the liberty of the subject. "The result of it would be", he said, "that without any appeal against what is admittedly an experimental system, a man could be kept off the roads for ever". In a later sentence the Minister demonstrated that he had not fully grasped the essential value of such a scheme—a misunderstanding which he later admitted. He did, however, say: "I shall watch the future of these experiments with interest, but I am convinced . . . that at the present moment to attempt to place upon the experiment such a heavy burden as this, would only be to crush it in its infancy and bring the whole idea into ridicule and disrepute with the public and to stop what may in the future become a very valuable development".

I am not concerned with the value of the psycho-physical tests proposed in that instance—in fact I consider them open to serious criticism in certain particulars—but, now that we are all so disappointed and road accidents are officially admitted to be mainly due to the "human factor", is it not pertinent to ask whether the Ministry has continued the "interest" in the

experiments which it claimed to have 18 months ago, and whether the present Minister has initiated any developments on these lines or, on the other hand, has placed his reliance upon the "facile explanations and obvious measures of control" (in other words "beacons") with the disappointing result so authoritatively prophesied 18 months ago?

The criticism I would make of those tests is that, although they are undoubtedly immensely valuable from a practical point of view and, properly applied, would most certainly eliminate many thousands of unsuitable drivers and thus bring about an improvement in the accident figures, they do not help the scientific consideration of the problem so greatly as might be desired for the very reason that they are "psycho-physical". There is not that clear division between what is psychic and what is physical in the causation of accident as studied by this means. The difficulties of the application of these or any such tests are immense, and are fundamental difficulties concerning the rights of the State. Such application would also be quite unfair to the motorist, for the pedestrian is as much at fault, and for the same reasons. The problem is a community problem, and must be considered from the physical, sociological, and psychological points of view.

It is to be hoped that in the exhaustive enquiry now being undertaken by the Ministry, careful consideration will be given to the psychological principles underlying the problem. The sphere of road accidents is singularly appropriate for the application of such principles, because their occurrence is essentially a social phenomenon and is free from the special considerations which must be attached to the study of industrial accidents confined to a particular occupation and occurring in circumstances severely restricted by particular factory conditions.

These principles have only been applied to the problem as yet in a very tentative way (such as the lecture quoted), and I do not here propose to make any serious scientific effort to apply them, but I hope rather to indicate what those principles are and what sort of a light they may be expected to throw on the problem. That there is need for some such indication is evident. The press is at present displaying an irritation typical of the earnest enquirer faced by the insoluble; the Ministry confesses

itself baffled; even *The Times* (in its leading article of November 12 on "Accident-Proneess") has sought refuge in that type of humour which exploits hyperbole. In this article, however, *The Times* makes the serious remark that "no explanation of accident-proneess has been offered, nor any suggestion made of training or experience by which it can be cured"; and earlier in the article it states, "there are drivers on the road who are doomed to cause accidents. No training, no care, no skill can help them". If this is really the fact there is every excuse for regarding the situation with "horror", for anticipating a "nerve-shaking fear of fate" and that "half the population will be scared into a psychological hypochondria of accident-proneess". However, the superficial application of the principles of classical psychology (as distinct from "industrial psychology") to this question suffices to show that the situation is not so hopeless as it appears, despite the fact that it does indicate a state of affairs as regards the mental health of the people which cannot be regarded with equanimity.

It will be remembered that when American citizens of military age were examined on their physical and mental fitness for the United States Army, the nation was shocked to discover that only a comparatively small proportion of apparently healthy young men was up to the standards demanded. Similar examinations in this country led to talk of Britain being a "C₃ nation" although, the need being more urgent, the physical standard here was lower and the mental tests were not applied at all.

A similarly comprehensive examination, but inclusive of the whole population and applied to very fundamental operations of the mental mechanisms of each individual is now being hourly conducted on the roads of this country. It is combined with practical tests of extreme severity—in fact, those that fail to pass are the killed and injured on our roads.

The roads are the workshop of a great industry endeavouring to operate with all the efficiency demanded by modern competitive conditions. They are also "The King's Highway", and are free to all for use or pleasure, for riding or walking, in sickness or in health. They are thus ground on which the whole mental make-up of the average man is very drastically tested. Whether he be driver or pedestrian he is subjected to

sudden emergencies, asked to give immediate decisions and to perform rapid actions which can only be correctly given and performed if his mental powers are up to the standard regarded as "normal". Psychologists consider that there is, strictly speaking, no such thing as a "normal" mind. Every mind is a delicately balanced conglomeration of impressions and memories—often forming elaborate connected systems which lie deep in the unconscious—in fact, "complexes". Every mind is responsive to rational control only so far as that control is able to overcome the automatic influence of these unconscious complexes, grouped as they are round strong emotional foci of very early origin and even racial importance and persistence.

This view of the mind is not at all new, and it is not in general disputed by modern psychologists. In a properly balanced individual the direction taken by conscious, rational control is modified beneficially by the underlying systems, and their harmful components are diverted into useful channels. In an unbalanced mind, and especially in a mind which is unusually subject to affective influence even in its conscious operation, these harmful components of the many deep complexes are able to usurp control, with the result that behaviour is liable to be inconsistent with the requirements of the immediate circumstances. This usurpation is especially likely to occur when conscious control of the mind is weak through preoccupation, fatigue, or such artificial means as hypnosis, drugs, and alcohol. So evident is it to the man in the street (a far more intelligent individual in the mass than he is in his separate parts) that some such mental process as this usurpation is the cause of many road accidents, that it has become a common custom to say that the driver was "hypnotised" by the moving road. The shock which is present after an accident of even a trivial nature is often very characteristic of an awakening.

In the stress of the practical application of psychology to therapeutics and the practical application of sociology to social reform—also, of course, therapeutic—the development of sociological applications of psychology has been delayed. The one science has started with the individual and with the study of abnormality; the other is essentially the study of the normal behaviour of society in the mass. The two have not yet met.

The psychological principles which concern us at present are those fundamental bases determined by Freud, briefly described by the term "suppressed wish" complexes. Whatever may be current opinion regarding the acceptability of certain aspects of Freud's work, its main basis is not questioned, and here we do not proceed beyond what is generally accepted as sound principle, proved in practice for so long and so thoroughly as to leave no room for doubt.

The principles which in the view of the modern psychologist have great influence on what is so unhappily called "accident-proneness" have been known for over twenty-five years, and were thoroughly described by Freud in his classic work *Zur Psychopathologie des Alltagslebens*. So long ago as 1913 Dr. Ernest Jones published a paper giving a careful summary of Freud's views on this subject and his own experience confirming them.* It is from him that I quote:

Mechanisms which occur in the abnormal [he writes] also occur in the normal. . . . They may be likened to flaws in the normal functioning of the mind.

Certain inadequacies of our mental functions and certain apparently purposeless performances can be shown to have been determined by motives of which we were not at the time aware.

Such occurrences, says Dr. Jones:

- (1) Belong to what may be called normal behaviour.
- (2) Are only temporary disturbances of a function which at another moment would be correctly performed.
- (3) Are at once recognized to be incorrect as soon as attention is drawn to them.
- (4) Are usually attributed to "inattention", "chance", and so on, and are without traceable motive.

It is implicit in the Freudian view, and is now incontrovertibly established that even the most tenuous and apparently insignificant mental processes are more rigorously determined than is commonly believed. The response to the idle command: "Think of a number!" will be a figure that can be shown to be intimately bound up with unconscious processes in the mind. Thus the most trivial mental impression can awaken deep-seated and powerful complexes when rational and conscious control is incomplete. Dr. Jones quotes many instances of slips of the

* "The Psychopathology of Everyday Life", from *Papers on Psycho-Analysis*, Ballière, Tindall & Cox.

tongue and of the pen and other casual errors which, as he demonstrates, are of an affective origin.

In addition, there is the well established fact that "repression" plays an important part in forgetting. This type of forgetting is the conscious mind's defence against the repetition of a painful experience. There is a distinct tendency to "forget" those memories which are painful or disagreeable. This is well recognized in such an ordinary sphere as a man's war memories. Few indeed are the old soldiers who recall the horrors of war so vividly as their sons can today construct them.

In visual perception the same "mistakes" are frequently observed, writes Dr. Jones. They are of two kinds: a failure to see something that for various reasons we do not wish to see, and a falsification of perception in the light of personal complexes. Among instances he quotes are the misreading of words in newspapers and failure to see an acquaintance in the street.

The colour red and, in particular, a red light is very likely to be a symbol which can call into operation very deep and powerful complexes. Either, in rare cases, it may do so with disastrous results, or the visual impression of it may be so completely "repressed" that it is not "seen" at all and an accident occurs. To the healthy individual with an ordinarily well-balanced mind it appears quite naturally as what it is and fulfils its function correctly. In most cases neither the person whom it lures to disaster nor the person who does not "see" it will have any explanation to offer. Dr. Millais Culpin quotes a few instances of men who have recognized in themselves these actual peculiarities and have ceased to drive. Dr. Jones, writing in 1912, was not concerned with accidents and nowhere mentions them in his paper. This fact lends particular value to the general view of "inadequacies" detailed above, all of which are most directly applicable to the ordinary road accident.

From general inadequacies and mistakes in visual perception Dr. Jones passes to the realm of the actual performance of movements. He writes:

A secondary suppressed tendency may manifest itself in the disturbance of any motor act. The intended action is not carried out, or only incorrectly, being entirely or partly replaced by an action corresponding with the suppressed impulses that break through. The faulty action is customarily explained as being due to "chance", "accident", or "carelessness".

It appears from the figures of the Industrial Health Research Board that one-quarter of the population—whether factory workers, housewives, or motorists—is three times as liable to accident as the remaining three-quarters. This figure is confirmed by smaller and special investigations all over the world. Dr. Charles S. Myers quotes a number of these in a paper on “The Human Factor in Accidents”, published in August, 1934. Dr. Millais Culpin quotes other instances, and also has personally established a similar figure among particular groups. The value of the Health Research Board’s figure is that it takes into consideration all these specialist enquiries and finds that the principle applies throughout the social organism. It may be remarked that when all accidental deaths in industry and on the roads are accounted for there still remain 10,000 such deaths in the home and on farms or elsewhere which occur mainly in cases having little, if anything, to do with machinery. Throughout this field the principle of “accident-proneness” holds good.

If the mental processes which I have described are mainly responsible for these accidents, in them is to be found the explanation of the mysterious “human factor” which is authoritatively calculated (by the Safety First Association, for instance) to be responsible for 85 per cent. of all accidents.

The inference is inescapable that this quarter of the population which is “accident-prone” consists of the people who are mentally maladjusted. This is not to say that 25 per cent. of the population is insane, imbecile, mentally deficient, or even eccentric or absent-minded. The vast majority of them are, for all practical purposes, perfectly normal human beings. There is no clear-cut boundary between those who are mentally healthy and those who are mentally unhealthy. Just as insanity is a question not of science but of law, so is mental ill-health a matter not of science but of social behaviour. The most unbalanced and neurotic cranks are welcomed with open arms in certain social circles. It is only if their behaviour is definitely peculiar against the background of the society in which they find themselves that they are even labelled eccentric or absent-minded. The scientist, however, considers these things objectively and, measuring normality by his observation of the average, detects this eccentricity and finds it to be invariably symptomatic of

deep-lying psychological maladjustments—sometimes so serious as to render the individual a real danger to his fellows if entrusted with control of modern machinery, sometimes so mild as to cause him and his fellows no anxiety except in the ultimate emergency. It is then that such a man will fail.

A mind which was developed by a creature capable of moving at a maximum of some ten miles an hour—usually alone or at any rate with all the world to move in—must be strained towards the limit of its “factor of safety” when called upon to direct the movement of mechanisms at three and five times that speed in a closely restricted space, or the movement of its accompanying body among such mechanisms. It is a strain which has arisen during the rise of only one generation of humanity.

The maladjusted quarter consists of individuals who break down under this strain, and it has been described above how and in what direction this breakdown occurs. No practising psychologist with clinical experience would say that one-quarter is an exaggerated proportion to be considered as suffering from the milder mental ills.

It has been said that the badly balanced mentality is only recognized when seen against a background representative of the average. Modern road conditions subject all individuals to conditions which are determined by the degree of adjustment generally recognized by the community to represent the average. It is probable, for instance, that the abolition of the speed limit was an act which over-estimated the level of mental adjustment that can fairly be considered to be average. To allow vehicles to move at high speed, through built-up areas especially, was to disclose the fact that neither drivers nor pedestrians could be trusted to act correctly in the sudden emergencies which arose. It was a sound measure, albeit based on entirely empiric grounds, to restrict speed and thus make the emergencies, if not fewer, at least less sudden.

Neither this speed restriction nor the pedestrian crossings have been more than moderately successful because there is still the same proportion of mentally ill-adjusted persons in the population as before.

What emerges from this discussion is that there is an important field here for serious students of psychology—a field which, in

the stress of therapeutic work, has been somewhat neglected. The main principles are known, and their effects have been monumentally recorded from the clinical point of view. It is now the task of some statistically inclined socio-psychologist (perhaps a somewhat rare creature !) to correlate all this knowledge with the statistics of accident—a task which must precede any determination of scientific remedies.

I have tried to show that, far from its being true that “no explanation of accident-proneness has been offered”, an important branch of science can provide much illuminating data to show that the explanation lies in the prevalence of psychic maladjustment. The principle is becoming more and more widely accepted in another sphere: that of criminal behaviour. It is well recognized that sexual offences in particular are committed by persons suffering from gross mental disequilibrium, and such cases are now very often sent to medical psychologists for treatment. It is of course evident that the practical application of what is a comparatively new science must begin with treatment of the most gross and obvious cases, and cases, moreover, which are the most generally recognized as anti-social. We are very far from the day when such a view will be taken of the accident-prone, and it cannot yet be said that such unfortunates are anti-social, for there are many who would describe the conditions in which accidents arise as anti-social in themselves. Proper recognition of the principles involved will, however, lead to greater emphasis being laid upon health, to the more careful psychological sorting out of candidates for particular occupations, and to the more widespread treatment and elimination of the milder ills. Modern freedom of outlook, the passing of artificial social taboos, outworn shibboleths and dead ideals, and the present concern for the mental and physical health of the young child, will influence the rise of generations containing a smaller and smaller proportion of those ill-balanced individuals who today provide the bulk of the accident-prone.

Science itself is only feeling its way in this matter, but the direction which it is taking may be seen from two recent pronouncements—the lecture by Professor Millais Culpin, already referred to, and the letter contributed to *The Times* of November 16 last by Dr. H. G. Baynes. He is a follower of

Jung rather than of Freud, and it is thus appropriate to stress the similarity in the attitudes adopted by the two great German pioneers by quoting a paragraph from Jung's writings on the subject—lines made use of by Dr. Culpin.

Jung has written :

One of the most frequent forms of danger is the instigation to accidents. Accidents of every sort, in greater number than the public would ever guess, are of psychological origin. Ranging from insignificant mishaps like stumbling, bumping oneself, burning the fingers, etc., to automobile accidents and catastrophes in the mountains, instances may be found of psychological causation, the accident being sometimes prepared weeks or even months ahead.

There is, then, both some progress towards the explanation of accident-proneness and some indication of the manner in which the problem must be attacked. It is essentially one involving the well-being of the entire community, and provides still another justification for the great attention now being paid to public health and social welfare. Dr. Culpin in his lecture said : " About 20 per cent. of the working population studied by me suffered from nervous symptoms which, in my judgment, interfered with happiness and efficiency ". The problem, then, is one, too, which involves human happiness—a goal more constantly before the eyes of science than many people realize.

THE NEW IRELAND

A LETTER FROM ANY IRISHMAN TO ANY ENGLISHMAN

BY SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN

MY DEAR FELLOW :

Saint Patrick drove out the serpents—which did not exist. Saint George slew a dragon—which also did not exist. But their triumphs are symbolical, because the emblem of the one is a shamrock, significant of the Trinity, spiritual power ; and the emblem of the other is a spear, physical power. Unfortunately, the complications of Irish idealism are so many in practice—Tammany Hall and American state politics, for example, bootlegging and patriotism and immense *élan* in battle—that this fundamental difference between the two races is more often forgotten than remembered.

I think we have, here, a better idea of the direction and fruit of English aspirings than the English have of ours. That is probably true of every race that has had to do with England. It is more true of the Irish than of any other, and never so true as now. For the Irish did not exist as a nation—had no organic unity—had no means of self-expression politically, until less than twenty years ago. We were a rabble. In many ways we still are—nations are not built in a generation or two. And what ideas the world gathered about us were gathered about a clamorous, dissatisfied, gagged, querulous, restless, law-despising rabble. That we had anything constructive to offer to Europe nobody even imagined possible. It was even difficult to believe that we had any abiding virtue of our own.

That is not all finished yet—not by a long way—but it is slowly being pushed into the limbo of past history. In our newly-found political power we have found spiritual cohesion, and in that cohesion it is at last becoming possible to utilize and rationalize the Irish personality. The old-fashioned Irishman—typified by

the Dublin jarveys and the Killarney boatmen and the hard-drinking Irish journalists in Fleet Street and the wild orators of Westminster—is utterly gone. Indeed he did not at any time exist outside the theatre into which all Ireland turned itself every summer for the benefit of English tourists and every winter for the benefit of English statesmen. Our new Ireland is so different from all that has hitherto been thought of her that within fifteen years of self-government almost everything that has been written and conceived about her is fifty years out of date. There are times when history is made faster than time.

The result is that when an Irishman now ventures into the wicked land of England he goes there with a definite national point of view, and he is at first amazed by the disorderliness of English life. It is, indeed, an ordered chaos—like a traffic jam in Oxford Circus being controlled by a policeman. A journey from the new Ireland into the old England is like a journey from a hermitage in old Constantinople into a jazz palace in new Istanbul. We are old but we are wise as well; you are, to us, old, but though you may be full of sleep we do not find you wise or even sensible.

You are going somewhere, we presume, but where you are going we cannot make out. It is the judgment of a people who, in common with all those modern organizations of Europe that are bitten, like us, with nationalism, has ordered its life from top to bottom like a pyramid. After a while we begin to realize what your world believes in—we begin to admire the intense individualism of your society, your tolerance, your indifference, the wisdom of your policy of *laissez faire*. If we stay long enough with you we may even be seduced by the charm of your casual life. Then we really begin to like you, and you begin to like us.

But what has happened is simply that we have thereby taken over your civilization, and you are not a whit the richer for having us. You are the Circe of all the argonauts of the world.

Then nostalgia calls us, sooner or later, and we sigh for the soft green-dripping spring, the feather bed of sleep that is the Irish air, the slow voices of our fellows, the diphthong of their distended speech. We exchange your “hummm” for the native “ho-o-oame”. We change and you complain that we are a difficult and ungrateful race, and you wash your hands of us

until you meet the next ingratiating exile, and in his eagerness to please you—the weakness of all Celts—he becomes like you and you are happy again.

Our new attitude arises primarily from the fact that there is nothing in common between the two peoples. The *tempo* of their blood is different. The Irish are sluggish until roused. The Saxon is slow but steady, soberly audacious. Our *élan* is matched by your stubbornness, which we call stupidity; our incapacity to accept, adapt, to make things “do”, is matched by your common sense, your capacity for compromise which we call, in common with every other nation in Europe, hypocrisy. We have a terrific idealism, and we are not impressed by your corresponding willingness to do good. That is because you live in a spirit of accommodation, while we live in a spirit of perpetual revolt against what we do not like.

The result of all this is that you know how to live and we know how to die. We are always falling into disillusion because we refuse to fall into compromise. Then we are capable of lapsing into a positive cynicism in which we abandon all our ideals at once. The corruption of the Irish in America is typical. (Always, however, you must remember that our idealism is indestructible, and it will suddenly reassert itself when we have taken breath. I do not suppose any Englishman can like the Irish dynamitards of the last century; yet, mistakenly or not, they were often impelled by the highest motives.)

Above all, however, we Irish are not (as you imagine) a merry people. We are puritanical, we are poor, we are deeply religious, we have never had the leisure to be simply idle and happy. The wit which you attribute to us is merely a cloak for our natural acidity, and it is at its best the ironic intellectualization of our refusal to be serious with a people in whom we do not believe.

Turn, now, from old racial qualities to new social conditions and you find absolute demarcations. And it is to be remembered that for the first time these racial qualities have been crystallized and made effective by self-government and economic conditions, elements that never existed before; and their effect is powerful. They serve to define the modern Ireland, hitherto unknown and never, not even now, delineated in literature. *The*

Moon in the Yellow River is the first effort to record it ; that is why you feel it is an original play where it is, in effect, an original life. Economic conditions have canalized these racial qualities, and astute government has exploited them. It distinguishes the success of Mr. De Valera from the success of Mr. Cosgrave that the one works with these qualities, liking and knowing them well, and the other worked against them, knowing them even better, and liking them less.

To put the thing in a few words—the figures of the new Ireland are the petty capitalist, native stock, created by Mr. De Valera's economics ; the priest, native stock again ; and the politician, almost always native stock. (There are no intellectuals—these are by nature sociable but anti-social, and therefore fly to London where all individualists are happy.) In this simple scheme of things—the native Irish stock, grabbing the fruits of war—all disturbance, all fermentation comes so far from above. The Church is the real revolutionary force in Ireland, for example, because it is defining in terms of life and social morality the nationalism of the patriots : it permitted the patriots, as it always does, to effect political change—then it proceeded to take over the essential power. Sanctity and salvation are on our banner. Security and stability are in our hearts. If we can have hard cash in our pockets we shall feel not merely holy by happy.

In England your fermentation comes from below, as is natural where civilization is so well made that it can afford to be remade. No wonder, therefore, we look askance at you—with your Communists and Socialists and Douglasites and Fascists turning all England into a kind of immense Hyde Park. We forget, perhaps, that you have what we do not yet need: an enormous urban army of bowler hats that stands solidly between ideas and action like a great patient sieve. The value of that stolid urban class on your more febrile urban theorists is immeasurable. To them add, to complete the picture of English society, the equally sober and sturdy countryman, and the stranger to your country will at once realize why British politics—home and colonial—are so viscous, so patient, so abrasive, so adagio, so utterly maddening to everybody whose brains and temperament are tingling at the tips of his fingers for something definite and active, in or out of

a crisis. How *can* you be felt as going anywhere where you believe in letting everybody go his own way?

Of all this, what is really significant, however, is that the Irish are trying to reconcile religion and the hardness of life and that the English have long since done it by realizing that it is easier to deserve well of this world than of the next. So, with you, security and stability, being divorced from sanctity and salvation, have produced a philosophy of life in which the fittest are the godliest and the holiest may go to the devil. Your world is therefore kept perpetually intact by this regard for material success. You do not know what the word revolution means; you tried it only once in your history and lost so much money by it that you decided revolution was a bad thing. How, for instance, can the class formation of England ever change, where even the poorest have so much regard for material success that they will forever be kept at the bottom by their own self-interest?

It is different with us. After our little revolution everybody is on top—priest, politician, petty capitalist, all levelled and all equal. It is a complete democracy we live in now, and we have so long lived under the heel of a landed gentry that we detest the sight of gentry of any kind. Hence our ordered world. We pay for it by lack of colour.

Go, therefore, into the Dublin of today and you find that it has been reduced to the level of a country town. The bogs have invaded it and they have made it their own. Sometimes, in a more bitter mood, I liken Dublin to a parlour full of bailiffs. In a more savage mood still—to Rome taken over by the Huns. It excites me to see it like that, because any kind of raw life is exciting to an artist who sees the potentialities of something new in everything that is yet young. Here, where the Duke of Marlborough may have sipped his canary sack, is a slum street. The town house of the Duke of Leinster is our Dail. George Bernard Shaw could not now live in Synge Street. Impecunious clerks and students have swarmed into the select Rathmines. Offices have hushed away the ghosts of Wilde and O'Connell and the Duke of Wellington from Merrion Square—and a new Catholic Cathedral will presently obliterate that stately green garden completely. As for the Dublin of even twenty years ago,

it is dissipated. No more nights at the feet of the poets—there are no young poets who can talk ; no more Mondays at Yeats's or Sundays at A.E.'s. This city, which was famous for its conversation, is become infamous for its gossip. Even eloquence is gone, replaced by personal invective. The city goes to sleep at half-past ten. There is not one cabaret. The "pubs", even, are shut at ten o'clock. There is only one good restaurant in all Dublin where one can dine. In one sentence—the simple rural life has invaded this city that was once the seventh city in Christendom, once a fashionable European capital, and it has thereby become, for the first time in its history, representative of the country which never made it but which has decided to refashion it to its liking.

You may feel this to be a sad picture. Yet I confess I write of it with pleasure because, as a novelist, I am pleased by anything that is genuine and true and real. I write of it just having returned from the devotions in our poor little pro-cathedral. There or in any church one sees the essential Ireland—poverty-stricken, unassuming, mild-eyed, but to me, at any rate, as electric and as beloved as a picture by Memling or Vandyck and to be understood only by a Meister Eckhart or a von Hügel. There in those rows and rows of the ingenuous and the ill-dressed and the malodorous is the new Irish democracy. It is that democracy which is organized by De Valera into a perpetual loyalty to the idealism of his philosophy of life—a philosophy that might be the child of a wedding between Saint Francis of Assisi and Cathleen na Houlihan.

That same democracy is organized elsewhere throughout the country in the same way, and the few intellectuals we have—especially the older men—and the politicians, other than the De Valeraites, are mystified by its solidarity. They have not taken note of its rise, and they are troubled by its arrival. It is their child, and they do not recognize it. And as in that oldest of folk tales, neither does the child recognize its father and may well slay it. It is even possible that Mr. De Valera may not realize what he has created. That new little earth-stained urban capitalist created by his tariffs—will he not become in time weaned by his wealth from his ideals ? What of those thousands

for whom houses are being built by the aid of subsidies ; those young men and women going into the beet factories and the clothing factories all slowly becoming aware of the complexity of the world and its interests ? Those who have their cinema and their wireless to open their minds to the allurements of the wickedness of Europe ? Yes—the few intellectuals who are in Mr. De Valera's camp warn him that he must not merely forbid, he must also supply the alternative, not merely censor but create ; but he is so timid about creating, and the urgency of life is not timid in the least.

But meanwhile that seduction of the idealistic Ireland is in the future. And at the moment, there is the new Ireland, content in its simple ways and easily assured that its destiny is to assert the validity and practicability of those ideals to the world—particularly to that disorderly portion of the world which still likes to think of itself as the United Kingdom.

You will not be cross with me, my dear fellow ? I try only to tell you the truth, and I can assure you “there is *no bitterness*” !

Your friend,
SEÁN.

PRELUDE

BY CONRAD AIKEN

This is not you ? these phrases are not you ?
That pomegranate of verses was not you ?
The green bright leaf not you, nor the gold fruit
Burning amongst the leaves, hot fruit of gold,
Nor bird, nor bough, nor bole, nor heaven's blue ?
Alas, dear woman, I have sung in vain.

Let me dishevel then once more the leaves
Of Cupid's bright thesaurus, and there find
The word of words, the crimson seed of seeds,
The aureate sound of sounds ; and out of this
Conceive once more your beauty, and in terms
Your feminine keen eye will not disdain.

For this is you : on April page it is,
Again on June, and once more on December :
On August page I find it twice, and March
Chronicles it in footnote, and July
Asserts it roundly ; thus, from page to page,
I find you many times, in many terms.

It is a snowflake, which is like a star,
And melts upon the hand ; it is a cobweb
Shot with silver that from the golden lip
Of April's dandelion hangs to the grass ;
It is a raindrop, of tremendous worth,
Which slides the whole length of a lilac leaf.

This is not you ? these symbols are not you ?
 Not snowflake, cobweb, raindrop ? . . . Woman, woman,
 You are too literal, too strict with me.
 What would you have ? Some simple copper coin—
 I love you, you are lovely, I adore you ?
 Or, better still, dumb silence and a look ?

No, no, this will not do ; I am not one
 For whom these silences are sovereign ;
 The pauses in the music are not music,
 Although they make the music what it is.
 Therefore I thumb once more the god's thesaurus,
 For phrase and praise, and find it all for you.

It is a star which might be thought a snowflake,
 Lost in a twinkling ; it is a dandelion
 Shrouded with silver brightness ; it is a leaf
 Which lets the raindrop go, but keeps its light.
 It is the purple veining, in the white,
 That makes the pure throat of the iris pure. . . .

Yet you would have me say your hair is Helen's—
 Your gait angelic ; while I turn from these
 To the vast pages of that manuscript
 On which the stars are stars, the world a world ;
 And there I find you written down, between
 Arcturus and a primrose and the sea.

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

A Monthly Commentary

CONFUSION is worse confounded, not only in the League of Nations but in world politics. The joint error of M. Laval's government and Mr. Baldwin's—admitted by Mr. Baldwin to have been an error—has left the question of sanctions where it was ; that is to say, in the limbo of dead half measures, stopping short of even the will to decisive effect. An impressive body of international opinion has declared against Italy with the result of exasperating Italian feeling and of stimulating Italian zeal for the war. But the League powers, which are led by England and France, hesitated before deciding to refuse the supply of oil. This hesitation increased America's tendency to condemn the League for futility ; while in the meantime American citizens with characteristic alacrity settled that if the further step in sanctions is taken, it shall not be decisive, at least for the present campaign. Italy, it appears, has built up a handsome reserve of this essential supply, thanks to American enterprise. Had the decision to refuse oil to Italy been taken early by the League, it is possible that President Roosevelt might have strained his executive authority to prevent individual Americans from neutralizing what could then have been grave League action : for public opinion in the United States does not look favourably on Italy's campaign of conquest, and there is a widespread desire to " take the profits out of war."

Now, however, internal happenings have so shaken the President's power, which two years ago seemed almost dictatorial, that he could not, even if he would, intervene boldly, in a positive sense. Yet it is wisdom to count up small mercies, and there is one vouchsafed to Europe by the latest declaration of American policy,

**League Half
Measures**

**American
Neutrality**

which perhaps should not be reckoned as small. The world is told plainly that if the League should impose a blockade against Italy (or if Italy should impose a blockade against the League), American speculators seeking to supply either side must do so at their own risk. The United States will not go to war in support of their claim to traffic freely.

We are faced then with the following group of facts. First, private American enterprise has ensured to Italy a supply of oil sufficient to carry on her war actively at least to the period (beginning about May) when rains will prevent active operations in Abyssinia. Therefore, if the League powers should decide upon a refusal to supply oil to keep Italian tanks and aeroplanes going at full power, the only result would be to present the United States with a profitable monopoly. The gesture could be no more than a gesture. Even so, it might be well worth making. It is a question whether the League should allow itself to be deterred merely by threats from imposing a sanction which is not military and which would at least define the moral position clearly. If, however, the negative course of refusing supplies cannot be effective, nothing promptly effective remains but to pass from this "unfriendly act" to the positive military sanction of closing the canal, or blockading the Eritrean ports. This course, however, according to M. Laval, both France and England have ruled out in advance.

What really would happen if the League, for the sake of principle, and also with a view to the possibly distant effect, refused to take part in supplying oil? Italy has threatened, virtually, to regard this decision as an act of war, and to retaliate—conceivably by attack on British ships, or on Malta. In either case the result would be simple: France, by the word of M. Laval, is pledged in that case to support the League by force. It should always be borne in mind that if the sea is closed to Italian transport, the whole Italian force now engaged in the Abyssinian campaign will be forced to withdraw as best it can into its own territory, and even then would be in a most precarious position, unless the League prevented Abyssinia from pursuing. I at least do not find it conceivable that Italy would take this risk, or rather,

**Oil Sanctions—
And After**

accept this inevitable consequence. Even less conceivable is the idea of an Italian attack on French territory. Certainly, in case Italy decided to run amok, troops would have to be brought back from the German frontier, whose presence there in the "lean years" France counts necessary. But that frontier is covered by the Treaty of Locarno, and Germany has not yet reached the point at which her General Staff would challenge Europe and Russia. Italy would be left to weaken herself and so to aggrandise Germany. Is it conceivable that Italy would set about achieving this end by moving straight against the united power of France and Britain, backed by the declared support of fifty nations? If that were the only possibility, one might dismiss it. Italy, having by her own declaration got an ample supply of oil (let us admit that the supply is, for obvious reasons, probably overstated), would then be declaring war upon the League because the League refused to supply more, and would be declaring it with the certainty of defeat.

There is, however, one serious danger. Egypt offers a temptation. It is not clear that Italy's ambitions in Abyssinia were limited to Abyssinia. If Italian possessions in Abyssinia and in Tripoli flanked Egypt on the east and on the west, there was a chance for gradual encirclement. Now discontent has broken out in Egypt, possibly stimulated by Italian propaganda; but it is not necessary to look far for a cause. There is nationalism in Egypt as well as everywhere else, and the Egyptian today desires independence for his country: what is more, he holds that England professed to give independence, but has never made the gift effective. The Egyptian people are claiming freedom—a name not unpopular in the League of Nations, and highly approved in England: but somehow England has always thought that for other races a little freedom should go a very long way. It is admitted that within the past fifty years English administration has greatly improved the lot of the Egyptian fellaheen, and that the country's material prosperity has been increased by noble engineering works. Yet England has not won to its side the educated Egyptian—not unnaturally, for the average Englishman does not regard the educated Egyptian as on the same level with

**Egyptian
Ambitions**

an educated European. Consequently, Frenchmen will tell you, all educated Egyptians, in a country which England has controlled for two generations, look to Paris, not to London. France is always jealous of England in Egypt. There is no place where it would be more difficult to ensure joint action of France and England than in Egypt; and the Italians are well aware of this. They themselves, a Mediterranean people, free from that obsession of colour-superiority which England shares with Germany, have a numerous population in Egypt; and it is natural enough that they should entertain ambitions to replace England in a position which England has professed to resign. Since France has her hands full in Africa, and is certainly not disposed to return to the Fashoda period of her relations with England it is at least conceivable that a strong party in Egypt might bid high for Italian support against what is evidently held to be the unbearable interference of England in Egyptian affairs.

Once again, it looks as if England's best course would be to unite her policy more closely than ever to that of the League:

**Settlement
Within the
League?**

to define Egypt's freedom once and for all by making Egypt a member of the League, and by undertaking, as a leading member of the League, the protection of that freedom. At the present moment, English troops are facing Italian troops on the Tripolitan frontier; the English Fleet is in Egyptian harbours: rumour says that it only just forestalled by a matter of hours the Italian Fleet, despatched "to protect Italian citizens" in the riots reported. Be that as it may, English troops are on the Tripolitan frontier, facing Italians. What is their position? If they were protecting Egypt as a member of the League, it would be unambiguous; at present the whole status of Egypt is clouded with dangerous ambiguity, which ought to be cleared away, and cleared promptly; for the Egyptian question is dangerously linked with that of Abyssinia, that of Italy and that of the Suez Canal. If the League is the sheet anchor of British policy, then the extension of international control forms part of that policy. Egypt is not a member of the League only because the proposal which should come from Great Britain has been held back till certain "reserved questions" are settled. Early settlement is most desirable, and the time fits.

A French observer, M. Maurice Pernot, writing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and certainly, to judge by his tone, with no anglophile bias), reports that representative Egyptians view with satisfaction the formidable preparation for defence (which his article describes) at Alexandria and elsewhere, hastily accumulated by the English forces. Since then, a speech of Sir Samuel Hoare's was construed as indicating a disposition to defer the independence pledged to Egypt when the British protectorate was withdrawn : and this has caused ill feeling. But Egyptian sympathy runs strongly for Abyssinia, not so much because it is Abyssinia, as because it is an independent African power threatened by Europe. Manifestly, the way to set a seal on Egypt's claim to distinct national existence, is to bring her within the League of Nations ; while in the present disposition of her people, there would be good will for any scheme which pledged England to continue protection against any ambitious European power. Egypt has no wish to exchange one European overlordship for another ; and it may be assumed that the reported bombing of an ambulance train which her people had provided by public subscription and sent to Abyssinia will not increase enthusiasm for Italy.

Indeed Italy's defiance not only of the League but even of civilization causes widespread resentment in civilized mankind.

There was never much love lost between Sweden, with its Socialist ministry, and the fatherland of Fascism ; and some years ago when a wreath from Sweden was laid on the tomb of Matteotti, Italian resentment threatened a rupture of relations. Now the Swedes learn that an ambulance of which they were justly proud, has been destroyed by the concentrated fire of several aeroplanes : not in darkness but by broad daylight, with the Red Cross insignia fully displayed.

In face of this, it becomes difficult to sympathize with the Italian complaints that Abyssinians use bullets that make a bad wound, or even that they beheaded a captured airman. Still it is necessary to remember that the Italian public accepts all this propaganda, exactly as the British public swallowed stories of " Boer atrocities " ; and that organs of public opinion clamour

in Italy, as they clamoured in England, for ruthless reprisals. But the outside world, as represented by the League of Nations, is a tribunal which must take into account, not only the fact that Italy was the aggressor, but the methods by which Italian forces pursue their end. Certain expressions have been published in Italy which amount to an arrogant assertion that civilization possesses the means to bring an uncivilized enemy quickly to submission, and will use all such means in this instance. It is important that Europe and the civilized world should take note of such assertions : for although we need not agree to the assumption which underlies an article by Professor Mowat elsewhere in this REVIEW—namely, that war will continue to be the only means of settling grave issues between nations—yet the recurrence of war between civilized peoples must be contemplated and prepared for. Now in the late European war, hospitals, as we all know, were frequently bombed ; and the allegation was made on both sides, that Red Cross signs were used to protect ammunition dumps, gun emplacements and so forth. But it is certain that on the whole hospitals were respected by both sides, for a simple reason. In trench warfare, the routes by which rations came up were known, and could be rendered impassable by heavy shelling ; but rations as a rule got safely through, because neither side wished to provoke reprisals in kind. The same consideration applied to hospitals. Now in the Abyssinian war, the Italians can establish a new regime of atrocity from the air without having to expect the like in return. The only control is the control of world opinion, and this can be and should be authoritatively formulated by the League : not by a belated declaration of war-guilt which can afterwards be argued into ambiguity, but by the findings of a tribunal set up without delay. Civilization's respect of the Red Cross ought not to rest on a fear of reprisals ; and Sweden's protest ought to be backed by the whole of civilization.

Meantime it does not look as if these brutalities were justifying themselves in a military sense. Abyssinian resistance is skilful, determined, and ready to pass to the offensive at all exposed points. Educated Italian opinion has, so far as one can ascertain, prepared itself for a war lasting several years : but are the Italian people

**"For the
Duration"**

as a whole ready for this ? The pressure of sanctions, although not decisive, is like an extra ten-pound weight to a mountain climber's pack. Every day makes the financial ruin of Italy more probable and every day makes settlement more difficult ; for the United States has assuredly done all that it could by private enterprise to make it impossible that the League should stop this war without risking the spread of war.

What is to happen in the United States itself defies augury. The Supreme Court which last year decided that the industrial side of President Roosevelt's New Deal was unconstitutional has now, by a majority of six to three, similarly nullified the immense programme for relief of agriculture. In short the State, as a whole, is denied the right to do what cannot be carried out by the States acting each in its separate right ; and since these things urgently needed to be done, the result is chaos, produced by the effects of a constitution drafted when such emergencies as exist were not foreseen by the most foresighted. Change of the Constitution is possible ; but since it is held that the party which proposes such a measure would greatly lessen its chances of success at the next presidential election, this possibility is counted out. Yet President Roosevelt is not a man to accept defeat, and before now he has disregarded all the conventional methods of American policy. He may decide on the attempt to give the United States what it has not—a workable government. Manifestly, there are at present far too many checks on the free action of the supreme executive. The United States will not make drastic changes except under a sense of its own need. But if that change were made, if the President's government could interpret the will of a majority of the people as freely as can the British government, or the French, or the Swiss, or the Swedish, then we might be in sight of a time when America would help and not hinder in the effort to build up a new order on which Europe embarked, so largely under American inspiration.

Meanwhile the effort has to go on and Lord Cecil has defined in very simple words its first purpose : to establish as a fact that

aggression does not pay. Unhappily Italy has decided that this must be proved to the disadvantage of Italy. But Europe's main interest does not lie in safeguarding Abyssinia. What matters is that other Powers dangerous to Europe should get warning against policies of aggression. That is why France above all will incline to accept the arguments so powerfully set out by M. Reynaud in two remarkable speeches. Great Britain, on the other hand, will be well advised to make it plain to France that British resistance to aggression will be ready wherever the League, as a body, is prepared to undertake this task.

How far this principle of international intervention should be carried, becomes a question. Mr. McDonald, the Commissioner appointed by the League to deal with the plight of potential refugees, has emphasized his appeal for intervention by resigning a post in which he feels himself useless. The proceedings taken, or likely to be taken, against Jews in Germany and against Christians who refuse to have their religion modified in accordance with Nazi preferences make it certain in his view that an overwhelming flood of these unhappy persons will pour out to countries where they may escape persecution. Has Germany (and has Russia?) the right to pass on its problems to Europe by making life insupportable to classes of its subjects? Many of these doubtless are no addition to the countries into which they pour. France is above all the chosen refuge, and M. Paul Morand, in a more than usually clever book (this, in regard to him, is saying a great deal), has suggested the quality of the influx. "Ether Films Limited" (most dexterously translated) pictures the cosmopolitan rabble, of ambiguous national origin, which has swarmed upon the cinema enterprises. However, he presents also a clear-headed, decent old French provincial lawyer coping with the gang, and wresting the plunder out of their greasy paws: France, if his picture is true, can deal with the undesirables. And, as the world knows, much is leaving Germany that no nation can spare. It looks as if Germany might lose not only Jews but the most self-respecting of her Christians; while of Jews, it will not be the best that remain.

There is an old saying that every country gets the Jew that it deserves. Lord Reading was surely a shining example. What he did at the height of his career, serving England

Lord Reading as her representative in the United States, at the Foreign Office and in India, history will assess : but those who were in the House of Commons from 1906 onwards, found an extraordinary interest in watching his rise there. It was not rapid. His reputation in the law courts was already a phenomenon, but for several years nothing that he showed in Parliament explained that other mastery. Men of his own flight, the present Sir John Simon and the late Lord Birkenhead (newer to the place than he, for he was elected in 1904) held the House, while Rufus Isaacs was still ineffective in debate. It was only after he had been promoted to law office and needed to justify the prosecution of a labour leader that we got the true measure of the man. The speech was not only a justification of the proceeding, it had a personal note ; it was an *apologia pro Rufo* ; and the warm voice, frank in its resonance, carried the House with it—willingly. That day, or a day or two after, I found myself standing beside him and said that I now for the first time understood his magic. His face lit up—it is a winning quality when a successful man will show pleasure simply : “ Yes,” he said, “ do you know that in all the time I have been here that was the first time I felt myself at ease with the House.” Good looks—and he had great good looks in young middle age, which old age sculptured into a noble beauty—are a great asset if they go with simplicity. How much the House liked him, even to partiality, was evident in the famous Marconi dispute : for it seemed (to me at least) that if Mr. Lloyd George in his private capacity had done things indiscreet and even improper for a man who in his public capacity was Chancellor of the Exchequer, Rufus Isaacs, the Attorney-General, who in his private capacity had advised his friend, was no less blameable. But all the fury concentrated on Lloyd George, while the other, though perfectly frank as to his part, went practically unattacked ; and plainly the reasons were not solely political. One man had hosts of enemies ; the other none, not even in that time of rancorous hostilities. It is worth a great deal to England that so representative an English assembly as the House of Commons will accept a

self-made Jew as a fine Englishman, when he is one.

Does every country, I wonder, also get the Irishman it deserves? He is apt to be a journalist, and from Columbia University comes

**A Notable
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a study of one of the most notable Irishmen in this kind. *Rebellious Fraser's*, by Miriam Thrall, is concerned chiefly with the career of William

Maginn. Though it tells us also a good deal that is new about the work done by Carlyle, Thackeray and others when Maginn was editing *Fraser's*, the central figure is this Irishman who conformed perfectly to the English conception of Irish character: clever, voluble, convivial, open-handed and habitually in distress for money. From the Irish point of view, the most Irish thing about him was his refusal to "think in track." The phrase is Goldsmith's—another of England's Irishmen; and the capital example of one who will not "think in track" is Mr. G. B. Shaw—yet another. But the Irishman whom in some ways Maginn most recalls was the late T. M. Healy, like Maginn a Tory by instinct, and a believer that Government should be paternal. Healy fought for the starving Irish tenantry, and Maginn for the children worked to death in English factories; but essentially each had the same enemy—so-called economic laws, of which child labour and the Irish famine were equally held to be the legitimate consequence. Both men in their zeal for justice carried vituperation to a point at which it became a habit. But Healy, the Irishman who made his career in Ireland and for Ireland, reached prosperity and preferment: Maginn ended in the Fleet. Probably it might have been better for him had he never left Cork; for although he was an Orangeman, he was a gay comrade and rival to the ex-Jesuit "Father Prout," like himself a scholar in many tongues. Yet oddly enough, in reading of Maginn, it is not any Irishman of contemporary times that comes to my mind, but that most English Englishman and born Tory, Charles Whibley, whose massive scholarship also lay at the disposal of a humorous intelligence. Like Maginn, Whibley contented himself for the most part with work in magazines, especially in *Blackwood*, of which Maginn was for long a pillar. Neither of these powerful minds has left any work adequate to their stature.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

A NEW STUDY OF UNEMPLOYMENT

By HUGH DALTON, M.P.

UNEMPLOYMENT: AN INTERNATIONAL PROBLEM. Issued under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs. *Oxford University Press.* 25s.

CHATHAM HOUSE has published a new study of Unemployment. This is, in every sense of the epithet, a very solid piece of work. Like many other useful publications which we owe to the Royal Institute of International Affairs, it is, in form, a Report by a Study Group of members of the Institute. The group, in this particular case, consisted of nine persons, including Lord Astor (Chairman), Messrs. H. V. Hodson, H. W. Macrosty, J. J. Mallon, the late W. Milne Bailey and Commander King-Hall. Acknowledgment is also made to twenty-three other persons, who criticised and commented on the first draft of the Report.

The Report makes no claim to any high degree of originality. It is primarily descriptive and "is largely based on the exhaustive information contained in the publications of the International Labour Office, the League of Nations and the Ministry of Labour. Its purpose is to provide the non-expert on the subject with the material which will enable him, in the light of the experience gained by other countries, to form an opinion on any national policy proposed to counteract unemployment and on the repercussions of that policy in international affairs". This is, perhaps, an impossibly high aim. And the authors themselves, on a number of questions

of policy, are careful to avoid expressing an opinion, perhaps because of differences within the group. None the less, the book is a very useful compilation. It should find a place in every well-equipped economic library and its international comparisons add much to its value. The facts of unemployment, and the public policies adopted, are fully set out, not only for this country, but for Germany, France, Italy, the United States and, with less elaboration, for a number of other countries. The recorded facts, indeed, go far beyond unemployment. The book contains a mass of information on prices, wages, production, foreign trade and social legislation in various countries. It deals also with changes in national economic structures since the war, with the rise and decline of particular industries, with trusts and cartels, rationalization, policies of economic nationalism, and population movements. Much of this discussion is necessarily very summary and often superficial. But it is a book which all serious students will enjoy as a most convenient work of reference.

As regards this country, the authors bring out clearly one special feature of our unemployment, namely, its heavy concentration in certain areas and in certain trades. In all the other countries examined it is much more evenly distributed. Half our unemployment is in our "industrial survey areas", which contain only a quarter of our population. And within these larger areas, there are

many smaller patches of deep blackness. The authors quote the Bishop Auckland district with more than 50 per cent. of the insured population unemployed, Jarrow with more than 56 per cent., Merthyr with more than 69 per cent., Brynmawr with more than 74 per cent. They note, further, that in Bishop Auckland 80 per cent. and in Jarrow 58 per cent. of the unemployed have had no work for over a year. Here is a third aspect of the exceptional degree of concentration of British unemployment, not only in certain areas and trades, but on certain persons. At the end of 1934 there were 368,000 persons, 84 per cent. of whom were in the North or in Wales, who had been unemployed for more than a year. This figure has been falling slightly since 1932, but much more slowly than the total number of the unemployed.

Upon the fact of this high degree of concentration the authors put a proper emphasis. Regarding remedies, they are less emphatic. They hope something from a recovery of our exports, the fall in which has hit hardest the principal industries of the distressed areas. And they touch, though somewhat lightly, on the great changes in the location of British industry since the war. "The newer industries tend to be started in the country south-east of the Severn-Trent line, and not in the older industrial areas." "Capital", they notice, "has proved to be more mobile than labour." But they have hardly anything to say on the possibility of State action to influence the location of industry. They seem to feel no horror, as many thoughtful observers do, at the appalling growth of Greater London, and the unnecessary, but almost insoluble problems of transport, housing and open spaces which this grotesque agglomeration of human beings creates. This massing together of vast populations in great cities, of which London is the extreme example, this

excessive local concentration of industry and commerce, is objectionable and dangerous on many grounds. It sucks the lifeblood from the countryside and the small towns, and it terribly increases our vulnerability, especially from the air in the event of war. Nor is it any longer, if indeed it ever was, dictated by economic necessity. Electric power to-day makes easy the geographical dispersion of industry, and the new light industries, unlike the old heavy industries, can be located almost at will within the boundaries of this little island. Many considerations, therefore, unite to support a policy of deliberately putting new industries, especially light industries, into the distressed areas, and diverting them away from Greater London. Such new industries would bring in their wake much secondary employment, in building, transport, commerce, entertainment, public services, etc., and would save from wasteful disuse and decay much social capital already sunk in these districts. At the disposal of any Government, which willed this end, are many means of pressure and financial inducement. One of the simplest would be to pay, for a term of years, out of the Treasury the local rates of new enterprises setting up in a distressed area. In the social interest this would be money well spent.

Akin to this question is another, which likewise the authors of this Report touch only lightly, not doing full justice to its possibilities. This is the question of the central control of the direction and the timing of new investment, a device whereby, in the opinion of some good judges, we might much sooner, with the aid of a moderate measure of controlled monetary expansion, have escaped from the worst of the depression. It was a sheer confusion of terms which led those who advocated "economy" in current public expenditure in 1931 to advocate "economy" in capital expenditure,

whether public or private, as well. "On the general merits of an expansionist Government policy in a depression there is much to be said on either side, and it is not possible here to enter into the general controversy." This is regrettably timid. But the authors of the Report give some instructive particulars of Swedish policy, which has succeeded in reducing unemployment very rapidly with the aid of large loan expenditures to be repaid over a short term of years out of increased death duties. Moreover, they take due note of the remarkable results, up to date, of the Soviet experiment in ruthless public investment. "There is poverty, even desperate poverty, and under-nourishment, but . . . it seems highly improbable that unemployment on any large scale exists. It has never been denied that unemployment can be reduced to a minimum, under certain conditions of adequate resources, if the sacrifices demanded in the form of lower standards are accepted. . . . In a gigantic effort to organize not only European Russia, but the whole of Siberia and large areas of Central Asia, there is abundance of employment. . . . In the period 1928-34 the production of investment goods was nearly quadrupled and that of consumers' goods nearly doubled." It is a problem for dispassionate, scientific study, without prejudice on either side, how much the rest of the world can learn to its advantage from the Planned Economy of the Soviet Union.

"The methods adopted to mitigate the heavy unemployment of the last four years", say the authors in another place, "are for the most part emergency measures". But to suppose that the making of plans, practicable and suited to the special conditions of particular countries, to employ their working populations is impossible, would be to admit political ineptitude and a perilous social failure.

MAGNA BRITANNICA, by J. Coatman. Cape. 10s. 6d.

THIS is an intriguing book. It will give the fullest joy to those who believe (as the author does) that the British Empire is the one bright stable institution in a dark and trembling world. It will give equal delight—of a less holy kind—to all those cynical persons (mainly foreigners, of course) who say that this same empire is the fruit of the most unscrupulous robbery that this earth has suffered; and that the English and Scottish pirates (with a few odd Welshmen and Irish) have added hypocrisy to conquest by pretending that their land snatching and pillage has really been more of a righteous crusade to bring civilisation to dark continents rather than an unholy theft of other people's possessions. In short, they have only sarcastic jeers for the amiable theory that the British Empire is a part of the White Man's burden. But this is only alien prejudice, of course!

Now the impartial reader will probably agree that Mr. Coatman has gone a long way to prove his case; but he would have done better if he had considered the dangerous effect of waving red flags before bulls. One can imagine the emotions of Italian or German patriots when they read (p. 373): "The ideal of service to humanity is the ideal of the British Empire." Or this: "It is not putting too high a value on the Great Society of Peoples of the British Empire to say that they and their Commonwealth are the chief builders of the world society of the future. . . . No less a responsibility than this lies on the shoulders of British people."

The alien cynic will think of places like Athens and Rome and Paris and Florence, with their world encircling cultures; and will say that such sentences as those just quoted are preposterous; and he will be right. The greater part of the civilisation of this world was built in sunnier lands than

the British Isles, and was distributed around by more peaceful persons than British soldiers, and by more philosophical adventurers than Drake and Hawkins. Yet, although it is bad manners to talk so insistently of "service"—savouring too much, as it does, of the American general store-keeper or the Puritan lay-preacher—there is a very great case for the British Empire; and Mr. Coatman has put that case in a way that is far above the imperial and imperious talk of the commercial travellers who are now taking so many advantages from an Empire which has been built by the sweat and blood of others.

Mr. Coatman, unlike so many imperialists, does not believe in force. He has grasped the most fundamental factor of the British Commonwealth when he points out that it is entirely a voluntary association. Its members can break away at any time they please. There is no clause in the Statute of Westminster imposing penalties on seceders. The statutory constitution of the British Empire is a law of free equals. The Mother Country and the Dominions are united because it pleases them so to be. If a French colony broke away from France, that would be rebellion. As Mr. Coatman points out (p. 354): "It did not need a decision of the Privy Council to make it clear that any Dominion has the right to amend its own constitution, even to the point of declaring itself independent of the Commonwealth."

It is very important and true to insist that this quality of freedom is vital. It is also true that the British peoples have taught the world that personal liberty is a very precious heritage. In many ways the French are a freer people, who have a greater sense of equality. Yet the solid fact remains that the pugnacious determination of the ordinary Englishman to

resist being bullied, whether by bureaucrats or dictators, has been a contribution to human civilisation which ranks with the gifts of Greece in philosophy and art.

Another great virtue in Mr. Coatman's book is his grasp of the contrasting fact which is a necessary balance to the ideal of freedom. He sees that the more primitive ideals of individualism and *laissez-faire* must now be blended with the necessities of the "planned" society. In this desire to balance liberty and order he is showing how close a follower he is of the late Sir Basil Blackett, to whom he dedicates this book; though strangely enough, he does not mention him once in the body of the volume.

Like Blackett, Mr. Coatman attaches great importance to the use of the intellect in the matter of ruling; and he devotes many very useful pages to a detailed account of the way in which the Dominions are working out the laws of social order; which he considers will follow the model of the public utility association rather than State nationalisation.

A fact is so much more important than a theory; and it is a very persistent fact today that the British Empire, as Mr. Coatman writes, is a model super-state in a world that is in a chaos of confusion. If the world were working together as a co-operative commonwealth, as the British nations are doing, it would be very good for all. But the difficulty is that it seems impossible to persuade the rest of the peoples that this walled Empire can be tolerated in a world that is now searching for raw materials and other desirable things. No one believes that the British Commonwealth would attack anyone; but the cynical foreigner will sneer that this is because we are already surfeited. The failure to see the view of the alien mind is perhaps the weakness of Mr. Coatman's book. G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

RUSSIA THROUGH FABIAN EYES

By E. H. CARR.

SOVIET COMMUNISM : A New Civilisation ? by Sidney and Beatrice Webb. 2 vols. *Longman*. 35s.

MR. AND MRS. SIDNEY WEBB (the title-page authorizes the retention of the familiar name) have devoted many patient and fruitful years to the study of state institutions and the advocacy of state enterprise. It is natural that they should at length have taken their courage in both hands and tackled the state which has had more of the opportunity and more of the will to realize their ideals than any state which has ever existed. It is pardonable that they should take an almost proprietary interest in the Soviet Union—that vast field of state enterprise. The first of these two solid volumes is labelled *The Constitution*, and describes the machine. The second, *Social Trends in Soviet Communism*, attempts to analyse how it works.

The mere task of description was enormous, so vast and complicated is the machine. The authors show how the Soviets were adopted by, or imposed upon, Lenin—for it is difficult to say exactly how things happened in those tumultuous weeks at the end of 1917—as the unit of government. The Constituent Assembly having been dismissed, the Congress of Soviets remained without a rival; and the Tsik, which is, so far as analogies hold at all, the Parliament of the Soviet Union, is the Central Executive Committee of the Congress of Soviets. Local government remains, in theory, in the hands of the city, district and village Soviets. The Soviets themselves are chosen by open election, and appoint their executive committees by the same method. The lists of candidates in most cases include a percentage of non-party members, but are always

drawn up, or at least vetted, by the party authorities.

No review can do justice to the wide scope of the information which these two volumes supply, or to the immense and loving labour which has been bestowed on their compilation. One purpose to which they might be turned would be to set an examination paper for advanced students of Soviet affairs. Where and what is the autonomous district of Biro-Bidzhan (ignore variant spellings, of which there are three in this book)? What are the present names of (a) Nizhni-Novgorod; (b) Vladikavkas? State to the nearest thousand the number of members of the Leningrad Soviet. And so forth. These volumes are a veritable "Enquire within about Everything" of the Soviet Union. Provided with appendices, diagrams, and three indices, they are by far the most exhaustive handbook on Soviet Russia for English readers yet published. The authors praise the treatment by the Soviet authorities of the minorities, and suggest that the success is due to "the novel device of dissociating statehood from both nationality and race" (though how they distinguish the concept of "nationality" from statehood on the one hand, and race on the other is not altogether clear). They discuss the organization not only of state institutions, but of the trade unions, of the co-operatives and of the Communist Party.

When, however, they leave the world of institutions for the world of theory, it is impossible to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Webb so unreservedly. They refer to themselves in their preface as "two aged mortals, both nearing their ninth decade". The fact has no bearing on the

descriptive chapters of their book; for the most captious critic could not discover here any falling off in the vigour or lucidity of their exposition. But it has, nevertheless, something to do with the case. There are certain fundamental attitudes and habits of mind which become fixed before middle life is reached and are not easily unlearned afterwards. During the earlier decades of Mr. and Mrs. Webb's long and brilliant career of authorship, democracy was still the wear, and no advanced thinker could be anything but a democrat. Since, therefore, they have convinced themselves that the Soviet constitution is the most "advanced" form of government in existence, a democracy it must be. It is true that Lenin and Stalin and every Bolshevik writer or speaker who has a journal or a megaphone at his disposal assure them in every accent known to the expert propagandist that it is not a democracy at all, but a dictatorship. But habit will tell. Lenin, Stalin, and the rest must be wrong. Nothing daunted, Mr. and Mrs. Webb go through a whole chapter of verbal contortions to explain exactly why and how the Soviet Union is a democracy.

It would be unfair to imply that the authors, in approaching Soviet Russia, left their critical faculties altogether behind them. They were not so fortunate as that. The pleasures of the drunkard are said to be occasionally marred by recollections of a puritan upbringing; and Mr. and Mrs. Webb's proletarian exhilaration is tempered from time to time by twinges of an old-fashioned liberal conscience. There are certain things in the Soviet Union which they cannot swallow without an uncomfortable feeling of indigestion; and they venture, in becomingly restrained and deprecatory tones, to say so. They do not quite like the rough-and-ready brutality of the "liquidation" of priests, *kulaks* and other "public enemies".

They wish that the Narkomvnucl of the Home Office (into which the OGPU has now been transmogrified) would refrain from imprisoning, transporting, or executing miscreants (or political heretics) without public trial. They do not appreciate the universal lip-service paid to the letter of orthodox Marxism. They are a trifle uneasy about the censorship, though they call it (I wonder why) "much-maligned".

In short, the fundamental weakness of this book (particularly apparent in the second volume where there is less plain description and more argument and discussion) is that it attempts to fit the Soviet Union into a mould for which it was never intended and to judge it by standards which it has never accepted. The Bolshevik answer to Mr. and Mrs. Webb is that the liberty and welfare of the individual as such is not, and never has been, an objective of the Soviet regime, and that Mr. and Mrs. Webb's preoccupation with these things is merely a symptom of their "rotten liberalism" (a favourite Bolshevik catchword) and "bourgeois ideology". The answer of the liberal is that to persecute individuals for their political opinions is just as obnoxious when it is done in the name of the proletariat as when it is done in the name of a Tsar or a Dictator. Between this cross-fire of two perfectly tenable and consistent points of view it is difficult to discover Mr. and Mrs. Webb's position. Indeed, when they quote with apparent approval a statement that "the idea of rehabilitating wayward people by means of constructive labour is a wonderfully healthy and beautiful one", you can only rub your eyes and wonder whether they are not on the eve of conversion to National Socialism or Fascism. As an exposition of facts this book is both stimulating and illuminating. As an excursion into the philosophy of politics, I can only call it inconsistent and muddle-headed.

DECLINE AND FALL ?

By GEOFFREY WEST.

THE SOURCE OF CIVILIZATION,
by Gerald Heard. *Cape.* 12s. 6d.

MARS HIS IDIOT, by H. M. Tomlinson.
Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

BREAKDOWN: The Collapse of Traditional Civilization, by Robert Briffault. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

THE Collapse of Civilization, not long since a mere turnip-head bogey-phrase, has lately become to an increasing number of thoughtful individuals more and more of a possible event, for some a matter less of whether than of when. These three books, all by writers of reputation, hinge directly upon the topic. Mr. Heard and Mr. Tomlinson hope for the best but are plainly apprehensive of the worst, while Mr. Briffault cries for the crisis rather as one who, convinced of the inevitable, would take his cold plunge quickly. Not gay reading, any one of them, but significant books all three, and one of definite importance.

Mr. Tomlinson's is the easiest to read, both because the best written and the most superficial. His title tells his tale—the folly of war, the Great War which is past and the future Greater War which no man wants and yet for which the nations, all of them, are arming. He feels the mood of 1912 in the air; the resolve "Never Again" becomes "Soon"! Believing in the prevailing decency and peaceableness of the ordinary human being, he lays the blame at the door of the State and the State's representatives acting as such—"the State can never be trusted in any pass

where good sense is in conflict with power"—a conclusion from which he passes to the unelaborated assertion that the Great Powers must yield their sovereignty to a world order. There he stops, leaving his reader aware of his sincerity and deep feeling but wondering what he proposes to *do* about it.

Mr. Briffault sets one in no such doubt; he simply does not believe that anything effective can be done. His analysis, however, is much more adequate; he makes a definite attempt to explain the workings of society which are carrying what we call civilization to the cliff's edge. In his view the existing system is an "anti-social, anti-moral and criminal" organization, directed for the good not of the many but of the powerful few, whose mutual conflict for greater power speeds it and them and all of us to a devastating fall—from whose dust and ruin a true civilization may thereafter slowly arise. His drawing of the fundamentals of modern life may be harsh and crude, his tone sometimes shrill and over-confident, but many of his evils are genuine evils which must be faced if the world is not to go the way he points it.

Mr. Heard's book, though, is the one which *demand*s attention. It offers a universe of thought for the others' narrow panel or single vista. Mr. Heard feels all that Mr. Tomlinson feels, he sees all that is vital in Mr. Briffault's vision, but he goes beyond them both in understanding and towards offering a solution,

an escape from the vicious circle of rising fear and appeal to violence which causes even the would-be "pacific" nations to turn to rearmament. To come to this consummation he plunges into the remotest past, presenting "a new natural history of all life" which turns Darwinism on its head, declaring evolutionary survival to rest not upon fighting fitness but upon the retention of sensitivity and adaptability, the refusal to harden into specialization. The fighting man is a specialization, and what is more, an aberration from the natural; history offers the plainest proof that he takes the sword only to perish by it.

But if Might is not to be our Right, where, in the absence of a universal religion, are we to find a sanction which all may acknowledge? Mr. Heard believes that we should look within. Man, not a naturally militant being, flies to violence as his support only because he has lost, with the one-sided development which has given the West in particular its mechanical efficiency, his native sense of community. Modern individualism stresses social loneliness and consequent fear far more than social unity and its sense of fellowship and security. What is needed is a psychological advance and readjustment, to balance increased physical power with increased spiritual insight. The means to this he indicates rather than outlines. A slender hope it may seem, a clutching at a straw, but it is his case that there is none other, and that upon our taking it depends the future of civilization.

A large issue, whose essence even can be but most barely suggested in a brief review. His very premises, not to add the wealth of evidence he brings to support them, cannot be more than pointed to; the reader must be urged to argue them himself, for the vital thing is that he *should* read this vigorous, stimulating, fascinating survey of human origins and destiny.

MAN AND THE SEA: *Stages in Maritime and Human Progress*, by J. Holland Rose. *Heffer*. 10s. 6d.

DR. HOLLAND ROSE has selected for his latest, but not, we must hope, his last book a most fascinating and singularly unhackneyed subject, and he has treated it with the wealth of erudition and the clarity of exposition which we expect of him. The sub-title of this book is perhaps the more significant—*Stages in Maritime and Human Progress*: and the object of the book is set forth on the jacket. "Has full justice ever been done to the early sea-explorers? Have they not done more for mankind than all the land-conquerors? How have ship-building, the art of navigation and brave seamanship, led to the opening up and peopling of the outer world? Those are the three chief questions which this work seeks to answer. With the help of contemporary maps, sketches of ships and portraits of sea-heroes this Argonautic effort is here attempted." Incidentally, we may observe that the help here referred to is indeed invaluable. Illustrations are too often perfunctory, and not seldom irrelevant. That is far from being the case with Dr. Rose's. On the contrary, there has evidently been expended on their selection not less labour and thought than on the text itself. They are largely drawn from contemporary and recondite sources, and to most readers of the book will be entirely unfamiliar; there is not one which does not truly *illustrate* the main theme of the book, and they are beautifully reproduced.

Very happily Dr. Rose has chosen as his motto a distich "inspired by" Virgil:

*Vela virosque cano qui vasta per
aequora terras*

*Invenere novas et opes mortalibus
aegris.*

The best of all material aids to the progress of mankind, and the most accurate measure of it, is, so Dr. Rose

convincingly contends, supplied by the ship, and Dr. Rose substantiates this claim by a careful, if somewhat technical account of the evolution of the ocean-going sailing ship.

To the Portuguese, to their laborious scientific research combined with brilliant enterprise, the most important stages in that evolution were due. Appropriately, therefore, it was to the Portuguese that the first substantial prize fell—the Empire of the Far East. For close upon a century that Empire was maintained, but Portugal was not equal to so great a task; the absorption of Portugal itself in Spain (1580), laid the Portuguese Empire open to the attack of Spain's great Protestant antagonists, the Dutch and the English, and first to the one and then to the other, supremacy in the Far East passed.

In the meantime, while Portugal had been busy in South Africa and the East Indies, two Italian mariners were leading Spain and England to the conquest of the Atlantic. "As a nautical feat Cabot's voyage transcends" in Dr. Rose's judgment "that of Columbus", and I am not disposed to quarrel with that judgment. But hard on the heels of these great Italians went that stout Breton sailor, Jacques Cartier, of St. Malo: and Cartier's achievement was, thinks Dr. Rose (and again I do not dissent) more important for his countrymen than Columbus's bequest to his Spanish patrons.

The superiority of colonization to commerce is one of Dr. Rose's leading themes, and he further elaborates it by reference to the Puritan emigration to New England. I cannot, however, attempt to follow Dr. Rose through the whole of the story he tells so vividly. But I must draw attention to the chapter dealing with the quest of the great South Land and the ultimate conquest of the Pacific by Captain Cook.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.



MAN AND THE SEA

*Stages in Maritime
and Human Progress.*

By J. HOLLAND ROSE, Litt.D., F.B.A. (formerly Vere Harmsworth Professor of Naval History in the University of Cambridge). Demy 8vo, cloth, numerous line and half-tone illustrations and maps. 10s. 6d. net. (Postage 6d.)

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FRIEDRICH ENGELS. A Biography, by Gustav Mayer. *Chapman & Hall*, 15s.

So far from settling the question who was the greater man, Marx or Engels, the collaborators and friends who formed a philosophy and founded a party, this biography of Engels, the first to be written for English readers, unintentionally raises another. How far did either attain to greatness? There is no doubt in the mind of Professor Mayer. He takes it for granted that Marx is everywhere accepted as a stupendous genius, and he represents Engels, in all matters of political philosophy and military strategy, as "one of the most original thinkers of the latter half of the nineteenth century." Nor did ever a doubt intrude into the always modest mind of Engels that he was in his rightful place in subservience to Marx, that he could have a higher calling than to supply (from the surplus value created by his Manchester wage-slaves—in-avoidable phrases!) the financial needs of the Marx household while the student searched for the secret of social destiny. Only once did he show a faint sign of questioning whether a fool-proof theory of history was an adequate substitute for a human heart. Engels had lost Mary Burns, his companion for many years; and Marx expressed condolence with his sorrowing friend by lamenting another impending invasion by bailiffs. Engels ever so gently rebuked, but found some more supplies; and Marx came dangerously near an apology for the only time in his life.

The trouble with Professor Mayer's painstaking study, which demanded much research into the confusion of revolutionary movements on the Continent in the nineteenth century, is that what should be the background becomes the foreground. The chief figures in the drama are effaced by the "mass movements" so dear to them. The reader does not see Engels and Marx as human

beings but rather as machines: they have a theory in their veins instead of a blood stream. For members of a political party to solve problems by repeating phrases made for them by their leaders may be in the natural order of creation; but for a reader who wants to learn something of a man's life story the iteration of "the strength of historical necessity" and "the preliminary stage of Communism is inevitably the dictatorship of the proletariat" is likely to be wearisome.

But the disappointed reader may find compensation in watching the comedy of this precious historical necessity. Engels and Marx, while admiring the Russian revolutionary who was willing to risk his own life in taking the Czar's, could dismiss his ideas as romantic Robin Hoodism, since Communism would be impossible in Russia until that country had passed through the processes of Capitalist development decreed by fate. If they were living to-day they could be expected to deny the reality of the Soviet revolution; Lenins and Stalins cannot be allowed to play ducks and drakes with historical inevitability. They fixed their fond hopes on England and Germany; there was something of Dick Turpin in the French Socialist which they could not trust. But England was splendidly fulfilling her destiny in capitalist evolution. How many times Engels hailed a financial crisis which showed that this country was on the brink of the ruin which would hasten a Communist victory is beyond computation, but it was often. Even the admiring Professor Mayer admits that he was a better prophet of a "distant future." And it may be so. It is not easy to confute a prophecy the fulfilment of which is a moving date.

What Professor Mayer's great labour has resulted in is a full story of the part Engels played in the Socialist movement. In that regard it is a real contribution to

history. If Engels comes out more, or perhaps less, than human, Professor Mayer at least has provided the material for a future imaginative study. A study of that kind would be worth making. Engels was a leading figure in a struggle still proceeding; he was anxious to command an armed force against capitalism; he was the only man in the world with whom Marx did not quarrel; his devotion to his friend, his self-effacing drudgery for him, are among the wonders of collaboration; he tried to write poetry; Mary Burns and Lizzie Burns both loved him; he could sport with French Amaryllises—so much slimmer than German ones—in a harvest field. If we could get nearer to him we might find him much warmer than a theory.

PHILIP TOMLINSON.

BALLADS, SONGS, AND RHYMES OF EAST ANGLIA.

Collected by A. S. Harvey, with an introduction by the Dean of Norwich. *Jarvolds*, Norwich. 5s.

ONE of the chief delights when browsing in provincial towns is the discovery of the locally published guide book, or collection of poems by a village bard. The book is always hideously printed on sugar paper, and it creaks when one opens it. But it usually contains a naivety of its own, capable of giving the sophisticated reader a spasm of pleasure. Halfway between that sort of book and the metropolitan product is the locally published volume of antiquarian or folklore research intended for a district sale. Mr. Harvey offers us such a book, and it is very well produced both in content and format.

He begins in his preface by reminding us of James Agate's saying that "of all counties Norfolk is the most English" and that "those fair-haired travellers whom Pope Gregory dubbed angelic came from the neighbourhood of Yarmouth," and he shows how old-established is this opinion by quoting the

medieval Johannes de Sancto Omero, who said in his *Norfolchta Descript*, "a man who has once entered Norfolk never wishes to leave it as long as he lives, for, beholding so good a country, he declares he is a dweller in Paradise."

That may be so, but there are other folk who will think Suffolk the more lovely area, and they in their turn will fall foul of the advocates of Essex. And the Essex people are divided into two kinds, those who prefer the eastern flats by the Thames Estuary, and those who know the less frequented western side where the Bartlow Hills look over into Cambridgeshire. These four districts are distinct from each other and they all have their traditions and still maintain their special brand of rurality. Of the West Essex kind, I can offer no better example than that preserved by S. L. Bensusan in his collections of stories and sketches. They are marvellously accurate character studies of

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the East Anglian temperament, with its slowness, its slyness, its clanniness, and its queer gift of simple poetry, a spiritual quality permeating the others and making up for all their faults.

Now Mr. Harvey gives us specimens of the songs of the East Anglian people. The collection may be called *Ancient and Modern*. It is divided into three parts, *Early Ballads*, *Songs and Rhymes of the Peasantry*, and *Modern Ballads*. The first begins with extracts from the *Saxon Chronicle*, and includes some Ballads of Walsingham which suggest the shrine of Venus rather than of the Virgin Mary.

"As I went to Walsingham,
To the Shrine with speede,
Met I with a jolly palmer
In a pilgrimes weede.
Now God you save, you jolly palmer;
'Welcome, Lady gay,
Oft have I sued to thee for love
—Oft have I said you nay'."

I notice that these ballads were not given prominence two years ago at the reopening of the Shrine of Walsingham, when hundreds of pilgrims flocked there to the ceremony, and were duly blessed by cardinals and bishops. What a repetition of history! For Langland, in *Piers Plowman*, told how

"Hermits on a heape,
With hoked staves,
Wenten to Walsingham,
And her (*their*) wenches after."

Amongst these ballads and songs we find the familiar "*Bailiff's Daughter of Islington*," and learn that Islington is a small Hamlet near Tilney in that part of the Fen country known as Marshland, to the west of King's Lynn. So the faithful girl had a longer love-pilgrimage than we have hitherto imagined.

Let me conclude with one last amusing rhyme,

"Blakeney bulldogs,
Marston Dodmen,
Binham bulls,
Stiffkey trolls,
Wells bitefingers."

RICHARD CHURCH.

THE WAY OF A TRANSGRESSOR, by Negley Farson. *Gollancz*. 10s.

No one who has had the opportunity of meeting Negley Farson can have failed to be strongly impressed by his remarkable and attractive personality. The book he has just published confirms in a most striking way the feeling he gave me at our very first meeting of being a man of action and yet a dreamer; a man with a tremendous zest for life and yet completely detached; a man who simply cannot stick to any job—or in fact, anything any length of time, yet is both keen and efficient. A completely irrepressible person, with a brilliant brain and a warm heart. Negley Farson would have had an eventful life even in more normal and peaceful times than the ones he so brilliantly describes in *The Way of a Transgressor*. A born adventurer, in the best and most complimentary sense of the word, he could never have led a dull and ordinary existence. But as it happens, he has had the good chance of being simultaneously actor, spectator and commentator of a drama that is in many senses unique, and that has been enacted on no less a stage than the world: the history of our own times.

In unrolling backwards the film of his more than variegated life he has produced a book so thrilling and absorbing that I can only say one thing: it lives. And surely that is the greatest compliment one can pay to a book. It is not strictly speaking an autobiography, for the larger part of these 640 pages into which he has managed to crowd a whole epoch, are more concerned with the world in which he moved and the things he saw than with himself. How it all affected him, his soul, (he will pardon my introducing this word, but he has lived in Russia long enough to understand what I mean) is indicated with a regrettable economy of words. Only at the very end of the book he allows himself a few lines of self-analysis in retrospect.

As a matter of fact this economy of words is one of the book's greatest features. In telling us his Odyssey, Mr. Farson is never verbose; indeed some of his best chapters fill just one short page.

I must say this, however: while intensely admiring both the actual life of Negley Farson and his masterly description thereof, I cannot help feeling that his narrative sometimes represents a continuity of actual experience and imagination. I would like to know, for instance, how he could see the Imperial Ballet in St. Petersburg from the Hotel Astoria—just to mention one small instance. My chief grievance, however, is against the proof reader of this book. On page after page you find the most irritating and unnecessary misprints, and spelling mistakes. That most of the names should be mutilated is bad enough, but the ordinary words over which you have to think before you recognize their meaning make it worse. And as to Negley Farson's love of introducing what he thinks are Russian idioms into his narrative, I must congratulate him on a series of most fantastic neologisms. All this is a pity, and he should see to it that in the future editions of this really fine book of his these absurd irritants are removed. The book, like its author's own life, goes in jerks. The story of his childhood in America in the home of his grandfather, or again, the description of the two years he and his wife—a marvellous person—spent on a lake in British Columbia, is related with genuinely poetical feeling.

His various travels would alone constitute a glorious book. The description of Russia during the War, which, as he rightly observes, was being lost not at the Front, but in Petrograd (Mr. Farson was an armaments merchant at the time) and again under the Bolsheviks—when he returned there as a newspaper correspondent—is full of romance, wit,

bitterness, and enthusiasm. All this is blended into that feeling of fascination by Russia which makes him say somewhere in the book that if he could spend his life roaming about Russia he certainly would.

He does not spare his own country and the Americans, or in fact, anybody, but his criticisms are always justified. Who could fail to agree with his pungent comments on "that shabby swindle the 1930 so-called Naval Disarmament Conference", or many similar appreciations in cameo of people and events. One of the most moving chapters is the last, in which he relates the manner in which he was driven to resign from the great American paper he had so brilliantly represented for over ten years.

GEORGE SOLOVEYCHIK.

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EARLY CELTIC NATURE POETRY,
by Kenneth Jackson. *Cambridge University Press.* 12s. 6d.

THE approach of the scholar, as with Mr. Jackson, and the purely literary man, as with this reviewer, to such early forms of poetry as the ninth to fourteenth century Celtic lyric is so divergent as to be well nigh irreconcilable. Here, indeed, is a book which almost induces resentment in the literary man. One example will illustrate why. The poem on *The Coming of Summer* is one of those poems which has given pleasure to every reader of early Irish lyric verse.

Summertime, season supreme,

Splendid is colour then ;

Blackbirds sing a full lay

If there be a slender shaft of day.

The dust-coloured cuckoo calls aloud

Welcome, splendid Summer !

The bitterness of bad weather is past,

The boughs of a wood are a thicket.

Bees with puny strength carry

A goodly burden, the harvest of
blossoms.

Up the mountain-side kine take with
them mud.

The ant makes a rich meal.

The harp of the forest sounds music.

The sail gathers—perfect peace ;

Colour has settled on every height,

Haze on a lake of full waters.

This poem Mr. Jackson has classified as a Seasonal Poem. Remarking on the irregular metre he "suggests that the poet was deliberately archaising, and therefore aware of an older tradition of seasonal poetry, unless this is simply another case of influence from the prophecies". Now all this may well be so—it is entirely hypothetical—but it has the effect, from the literary point of view, of making us minimise the merit of the verse ; saying, perhaps, "Another example of a variation of a formula, little more"! It may be: but it is still very lovely. And that is all that counts.

It is an old syren, this business of analysing Celtic poetry, and it has always ended in books like this, with a great deal of "it seems" and "it is just possible", and "probably" and "it may be", and one is no more enlightened by Sieper's description *unendlich primitiv* than by Mr. Jackson's "new adjective—*imaginative*".

In truth this delicate and charming lyric is too remote for much analysis, came out of obscure conditions that we only half understand, and is not illuminated by any precedents. Mr. Jackson quotes a second century Chinese poem that is absolutely identical in manner and tone to these Celtic lyrics :—

Autumn wind rises ; white clouds fly ;

Grass and trees wither : geese go

South ;

Orchids all in bloom : Chrysanthemums smell sweet . . .

and one feels there, too, so out of touch as we are with the poets—and all of these Celtic poems are anonymous—that it is futile to do more than enjoy what the Gods have given. Mr. Jackson's extremely interesting discussion on the literary origins of these finished lyrics does no more than stir a dark pool. One can see, as he writes, how religious thought may become ritual, and ritual then branch triply into formula and cheville, or into metrical exercise for pedants, or into literature : but in the end, as in that poem on Summer quoted in part above, who can say for certain which is which ?

"From the simple expression", says Dr. Robin Flower, "the emotion of the moment disengages itself with the subtle overplus of poetry", and there is really no more to be said. Certainly not of such gems as (in Dr. Flower's translation) :—

Over my head the forest wall

Rises : the ousel sings to me.

Above my booklet lined for words

The woodland birdsshake out their glee.

There's the blithe cuckoo chanting
clear

In mantle grey from bough to bough ;
God keep me still ! For here I write
His Gospel bright, in great woods now.

It is, then, in no sense of disparagement, far from it, that one may say that the more valuable part of this book is the first 80 pages in which Mr. Jackson gives emendated translations of some of the finest examples of the original verse. Scholars will find much to praise in his cautious exegesis, but to others the poems will, as usual, prove self-sufficient.

SEAN O'FAOLAIN.

THE FRONTIERS OF ENGLAND, by
Sir Arthur Willert. *Heinemann*. 10s. 6d.

IN this book Sir Arthur Willert draws a picture of Europe in dangerous turmoil, and points the moral that if Britain does not participate in a collective peace settlement there will, one day, be another conflagration on the Continent from the dire consequences of which this country will not be able to escape. Hence his thesis that England's frontiers extend far beyond the Rhine, and that it is only by keeping the peace on these far-flung "frontiers" that Britain will be able to maintain her own security.

Sir Arthur's method has been, mainly, to set down his impressions of Europe made in the course of a recent motor tour which took him to France, Germany, Italy, Danzig, Austria and Czechoslovakia. Like many others before him he had talks with people of various stations of life, and with many and different points of view, in the countries he visited. But he has brought to his collection of impressions and recorded conversations something which the ordinary traveller or student of international affairs does not possess: a trained diplomatic mind and the fruits of a long experience behind the scenes in his capacity as head of the News Department of the Foreign Office.

It is, perhaps, because of this official career from which he but recently retired, that Sir Arthur has been careful—perhaps too careful—to avoid stressing his points. I for one would have welcomed a stronger emphasis on such questions as the potential menace to Europe of the present Germany. But possibly Sir Arthur was right to keep on the side of understatement. For in these days of innocents abroad, shrilling their naïve conclusions at the top of their voices, the calm, quiet, almost conversational tone of this professional observer can but carry greater weight by contrast.

Perhaps the most interesting section of the book—it is certainly the most detailed—is that devoted to the New Germany. Sir Arthur is scrupulously fair to the Hitlerist regime, so that when he has reason to criticize or to express apprehension one can but be convinced. He renders a service by dispelling the illusions of those who—the wish being father to the thought—console themselves with the idea that the Nazi regime will one day come to a speedy end. Sir Arthur takes the more realistic view that it is likely to last for a long time; principally because even amongst the many Germans who dislike its excesses there is a firm belief that there is nothing with which it could be quickly replaced.

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Reading between the lines, however, it is evident that Sir Arthur has a very real understanding of the explosive possibilities of Nazi Germany's violent propaganda in regard to such problems as Austria and Danzig. His chapters on these questions and also on the relation of the Austro-German problem to the position of Czechoslovakia are admirably done, although it might perhaps be wished that he had devoted greater length to the problems of the Danube. In this connection it also seems a pity that he did not include Yugoslavia in his tour. The section on Italy and the Abyssinian War is very illuminating; and the final plea for Britain's role in the collective system is both logical and sincere. And last—but not least—this book has the virtue of being equally clear to the plain man as to the expert.

C. F. MELVILLE.

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HESTER AND HER FAMILY, by H. W. Freeman. *Chatto & Windus*. 8s. 6d.

FREEDOM, FAREWELL! by Phyllis Bentley. *Gollancz*. 8s. 6d.

BALKAN MONASTERY, by Stephen Graham. *Ivor Nicholson & Watson*. 7s. 6d.

HOLY IRELAND, by Norah Hoult. *Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.

Hester and Her Family is really a novel and its sequel in one volume. Part One tells of Hester from her early years in an orphanage, of her passage through an unhappy marriage to the arms of a lover and the motherhood of three children—each with a different father. Just when one feels that the author is at last breathing life into this character he deserts her.

Part Two is concerned mostly with Hester's daughter, Jenny, now a B.A. She goes to Florence, becomes a guide for tourists and has a love-affair. All this is very ordinary and quite dead. If we must regard the book as *one* novel then the drawn-out slightly sophisticated Italian interlude seems out of place in what is mainly a tale of Suffolk villagers, written in dialect. The book, moreover, is too long (528 pages), padded with detail which swamps the characters.

When Jenny keeps a diary, lo and behold! she writes exactly like Mr. Freeman. The storm scene where she falls into Dino's arms and the ending make the book seem novelettish, for all its vastness. And why do experienced authors persist in writing "ever so" in descriptive passages?

Freedom, Farewell! is also over 500 pages, but holds the interest steadily. Miss Bentley has here turned to ancient Rome. We are introduced to Julius Cæsar as a young man, fleeing from the Dictator, Sulla. He meets Servilia, mother of the younger Brutus, who becomes his mistress. Slowly Miss Bentley reveals to us Cæsar's greatness as it dawned upon him. We see him as

profligate and soldier. He seduces Murcia, wife of the vain Pompey, and later marries his daughter, Julia, to the divorced Pompey. We watch Pompey's growing jealousy at Cæsar's successes in Gaul. Julia dies; Pompey marries Cornelia who urges him to break with Cæsar. He is given command of the Optimates' army and proceeds against Cæsar and Antony. Then follows his terrible defeat at Pharsalia. After this battle Brutus is made to learn of Cæsar's treatment of his mother, and plots with Cassius for Cæsar's death. The closing scenes tell how the disillusioned Brutus kills himself, and the cunning Octavius—upon the overthrow of the Republic—becomes Emperor.

All these happenings of a remote period are made vital by Miss Bentley. The astonishingly modern dialogue brings the characters and events much nearer than, say, the signing of Magna Charta. More learned novels have been written lately about ancient Rome, but, in this reviewer's opinion none so human.

Balkan Monastery is an astounding narrative of man's inhumanity to eighty little Serbian girls, refugees from the Bulgarian advance of 1914. It is largely the story of Desa Georgevitch, ten years old, who flees with her companions from a Belgrade hostel to the Monastery of St. Ronan where madmen are "cured" by floggings. They have little food and are forced to steal. At the approach of the Germans they are abandoned by the monks. The Germans commandeer their stocks, leaving them to suffer horribly from starvation. They degenerate into lice-ridden animals. Eventually they are parcelled out to Bulgarians seeking workers.

Desa is taken in charge by an inn-owner, mistress of a Bulgarian priest. She suffers tortures from this sadistic woman, but escapes to the monastery, and is united to her father when peace is declared.

There is a baldness about Desa's tale which suggests the transcription of a true story. The book is, in part, an indictment of the Allies' treatment of the Serbs prior to the Bulgarian invasion, and gives a gripping account of the Serbian army's awful march over snow-clad mountains to Scutari, carrying their worn-out king, Peter.

Mr. Graham knows these people, their customs and manner of speech, so well that his book—particularly in the passages of dialogue—reads like a translation.

Holy Ireland must be considered the best book on this list if one demands that a novelist should display creative energy rather than the talents of a chronicler. It is a complete novel in itself, although only the first part of the O'Neill family chronicle or what is called, erroneously, a "saga" nowadays. And it is all very like life itself, light and amusing at times, deep and moving at others. Patrick O'Neill, the Dublin cattle-dealer of the late 'nineties, is a splendid portrait. His younger daughter, Lucy, is almost as finely drawn. But, curiously enough, Margaret, the elder daughter, to whom Miss Hoult has given most attention, is not rounded out like Lucy. For all that, she is very true to life and one is deeply interested in her conflict with her bombastic deeply-religious father, and in her relations and marriage with the too-perfect English Theosophist, Clem Woods.

Miss Hoult reveals a people steeped in religious superstitions and prejudices. The smallest of incidents are woven into the broad pattern of each life, so that one has a sense of living nearby and watching these people. The dialogue is the most natural I have seen in any novel for years. Patrick O'Neill is an unforgettable figure. But little Lucy, enamoured of the red-faced Father O'Flanagan, is a living and lovable creation.

READEN CONNER.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Stephen Gwynn's article offers the opportunity of noting that this is the tenth year since he began in these pages his *Monthly Commentary* on affairs, and the fortieth since he came to London and commenced author.

Frederick Hammond is an occasional contributor whose detachment of view represents a ripe experience of affairs on both sides of the Atlantic.

André Maurois needs no introduction, though his innumerable English readers are probably unfamiliar with his work in the role of a political commentator; but the friendly spirit which animated the creator of *Colonel Bramble* is unmistakable.

George Glasgow's versatile talents are devoted as a writer for the press chiefly to diplomacy and the City; his *Guide to Investment Trust Companies*, published last year, is the latest of several standard works on this subject.

Willard Price is a much travelled American editor and journalist; the curious experience described in the article in this issue occurred during a two years' residence in Japan, which has provided the material for a forthcoming volume.

Robert Balmain Mowat is Professor of History at the University of Bristol, and, like **Sisley Huddleston**, who

watches the international scene from the angle of the journalist of vast experience, he is a prolific writer of books. The latest of them, *Diplomacy and Peace*, was reviewed last month.

St. John Ervine's interest in the stage is by no means exclusive, and he has before made trenchant protests against the modern intrusions of the Press on the privacy of the individual. **Charles Cunningham**, who has held a Foreign Office appointment, now travels extensively and published a book on Hungary in 1932.

Apart from writing novels—her *Four Frightened People* and *Ordinary Families* were notable successes—**Miss E. Arnot Robertson's** interests are divided, as her sketch reveals, between sailing and making films.

Kay Boyle is a novelist better known in America than in this country; and **John Leslie Carlin** is a journalist and editor, mostly with African experience.

Seán O'Faoláin belongs to the brilliant band of young Irish writers whose names have become known since the Revolution.

Conrad Aiken, the American poet who now resides in England, is also a writer of novels, of which the latest, *King Coffin*, was reviewed in these pages last December.